OUTLOOK
and Independent

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JANUARY 13, 1932

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

WITH OUR READERS

Hopes for the New Year

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—Permit me to congratulate you and your colleagues on your admirable editorial in the OUTLOOK for December 30. It is an excellent resume of what needs to be done not only here in America but in the world and there is no part of it with which all intelligent men should not be in entire accord and sympathy.

It is to be hoped that we shall see the beginning of a period in which all the imbecilities, hypocrisy and preposterous nonsense which has afflicted our country for the last three years will pass away and the things you hope for in 1932 will come to pass.

It has given me great pleasure and much profit to read the OUTLOOK as I do every week and have done for some years and as my New Year hope, may you continue along the same high plane for many years to come.

F. A. SOUTHMAYD.

Nobel Prize Winners

To the Editor: *Fairhope, Alabama*

SIR—*The Nation,* December 23, page 683, would give all the Nobel Prizes to Miss Addams: the OUTLOOK same date, page 518, would give her none of it.

What shall we "poor folk" do about it? Perhaps with so widely differing estimates a fifty-fifty division was the best that could be done.

E. H. WEBSTER.

Roosevelt and Bryan

To the Editor: *Louisville, Ky.*

SIR—A recent number of the OUTLOOK, carrying the Roosevelt biography, includes some discrediting comment on William Jennings Bryan.

Henry F. Pringle says, "The story of Bryan is the story of a voice," and attempts in several paragraphs to show that there was nothing else at any time to the Great Commoner.

Therefore, it seems the Pringle work on Roosevelt, from which we could expect so very much, may be known later on as another of those debunking efforts, or at least an attempt to elevate his hero by tearing down or belittling some comtemporary, so that comparisons will not be odious.

The manuscript must have been written some time ago, before such eminent authorities as James Brown Scott and Secretary Kellogg gave the Bryan treaties credit for almost all of the progress that has been made in international peace, and perhaps written before England and other countries throughout the world were adopting Bryan's philosophy of bimetallism.

Mr. Pringle and Ray Baker, with his *Life and Letters of Woodrow Wilson,* have a mighty task on their hands when they are confronted with the fact that Bryan was responsible for four of the amendments to the Constitution, and my brief letter cannot begin to enumerate his many contributions to the nation.

It is my hope that Mr. Pringle will reprint, perhaps, the most famous Roosevelt cartoon, furnished us by a paper of his own party, showing where he grabbed from the beach, when Bryan was in swimming, the clothes and even the shoes of the Great Commoner, and ran away with them.

The immortality of Roosevelt and Wilson will depend on what they accomplished towards developing the principles that Bryan had brought out and had been advocating for many years.

P. H. CALLAHAN.

[*Editor's Note*—On the contrary, as a more careful reading of the Pringle *Roosevelt* would show, Bryan is given credit for much of the progressive work accomplished by Presidents Roosevelt and Wilson.]

Tax Responsibility

To the Editor: *Chicago, Ill.*

SIR—I assume you are an honest publisher and are sincere in your endeavor to assist the American to understand his government and its operation. If you are not it is, of course, useless to say anything about what you publish, and equally senseless to spend time reading what you publish.

In the cartoon of the Dec. 23, 1931, issue of the OUTLOOK you ridicule a Secretary of the United States Treasury, Andrew Mellon, who is as able as any man who ever held the post. There may be many things against him and his party, but as an expert of finance he is hard to beat. You show him as responsible for the amount of taxes to be collected. You know this to be a lie, yet you deliberately lead thousands of citizens to send their criticism in the wrong direction. If the cartoonist was too ignorant to know that Congress spends the taxes and that the Secretary of the Treasury must provide for their expenditures, you at least should have known better than to publish such a misleading article in the form of a so-called humorous cartoon.

There is nothing funny about the ignorance of many of our people with regard to government, and there is far less humor in the deplorable acts of some of our publishers in taking advantage of this ignorance to ridicule an efficient part of our government while they let the responsible parties go free.

Why don't you start a campaign to educate the voters to put a curb on appropriations by Congress, and show them how to direct their criticism and to get results? Funny pictures can be funny, but when they teach a lie we ought to have editors honest and sincere enough to refuse to accept them. The article on Page 521 [Maryland has a Lynching] of the same issue brings out the results of unthinking publishers and editors. Crime and lawlessness are the result of wrong education as much as of no education.

J. C. HINTON.

British Humor

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—In reference to the remarks made by the Englishman, Clifford T. Jones, in your December 16th issue of the OUTLOOK concerning the interview of Colonel Lawrence with Mr. Lincoln Steffens, and stating that this interview "was merely a case of having a joke with the reporter," I must say, "It is to laugh," since this so called joke took fourteen columns of your magazine of the October 14th issue, in the telling of its untruths.

In my many visits to England, and my frequent contact with Britishers in America, I have as yet to meet an Englishman who could understand the meaning of a joke. As to the Armenians I have known I can truthfully say that they are unusually intelligent, clean-minded, generous, honest, industrious, helpful and loyal as well as the most gentle people I have ever met. They are certainly the very reverse of the fallacious adjectives that Colonel Lawrence finds for them. I would say that Mr. Steffens' article under the headline, "Armenians Are Impossible," is an utterly malicious exposition of lying tongues.

AN INTERESTED AMERICAN READER.

P. S. May I add that the willingness on the part of the OUTLOOK to give everyone a square deal, and a chance to have his "say" is not only unusually but sincerely appreciated.

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A Portrait of the Indian Nationalist Leader
By Patricia Kendall

A new and unusual view of the Indian Nationalist leader by a woman whose book "Come With Me to India" has been hailed by critics as one of the best of its kind in recent years.

The Ballyhoo of Education
A Study of the Attractions of Private Schools
By Haydn S. Pearson

Which is uppermost in the minds of private school educators—education or profits?

Boss-Built Westchester
By Allen Raymond

How one county in suburban New York increased its taxable values by a boss-directed program of public improvements.

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ALL IN A WEEK!

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

The Trend of the Week

Finland Leaves Us

WE STAGGER along alone. Finland, the only other dry country in the world, has repudiated prohibition by a thumping majority. With practically all the votes in the recent referendum counted, the figures stood: 217,000 for retention; 11,000 for modification to permit light wines and beer, and 545,000 for outright repeal. While the referendum was advisory, not mandatory, the advice will be followed. The Finnish prohibition system will soon be displaced by some system of government control.

Finland's experience with prohibition parallels America's closely. The experiment was launched in 1919 and therefore, as in the United States, has had a thorough trial. There, as here, instead of decreasing drunkenness and crime and increasing the welfare and happiness of the people, it has been accompanied by an orgy of smuggling, illicit distilling, corruption, intemperance and organized lawlessness. There, as here, violations have been steadily bolder and efforts at enforcement more futile. There, as here, many prominent drys have seen their error and become wets. There, as here, the manifest, incurable evils of the law have alienated public opinion—almost completely in the cities, to a large extent in the country. And there, as here, when public opinion had been alienated, repeal became only a matter of time.

Red Votes for Women

WHEN the people of Finland went to the polls, the women cast red ballots, the men white ballots—a system that might well be adopted in the United States. The results of an American election in which women's votes were distinguishable from men's votes would, at least, make interesting reading. At best, they might prove startlingly informative—might shatter many a venerable credo and create many a new one. At present, American politicians are torn between two convictions—the first, that women are more sympathetic than men toward social reforms and candidates who advocate them; the second, that women vote precisely as men do. But there has never been a way to tell for sure, and, now that women constitute roughly half of the voters, there should be. Surely it is instructive to learn that only 8,000 of the 44,000 women's votes in Helsingfors, Finland's largest city, were in favor of prohibition. Surely it would be instructive to learn how many women's votes were cast against Al Smith in 1928.

Sun in California

THE Tulane Green Wave has a pretty good alibi for its defeat by the University of Southern California in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena. Invited to play in Pasadena, the New Orleans team naturally went prepared for real Southern California weather. And everything was all right for a while—plenty of rain; Rose Bowl getting good and muddy. On December 28, for example, pumps were used in the Bowl to carry off the water. Then, amazingly, the rain stopped, before Tulane had time for any real practice. Worse, the sun came out and stayed out through January 1, the day of the game. Tulane, flabbergasted, did not recover its balance until the fourth quarter. It was too late then and the Green Wave was beaten 21 to 12. The next team that goes to southern California to play football had better go prepared for a little sunshine.

Tu Quoque

WILLIAM MCFEE, English novelist, declares that New York women are like Rolls Royces with Ford engines—beautiful in body but standardized in speech, clothes, habits, viewpoint and spirit. A reflection by a foreigner on American womanhood, you see. That always makes us furious and more than half inclined to pass a few reflections on English womanhood to retaliate. This time, here goes:

English women are like bicycles with wire baskets on the handlebars. They are always going somewhere, usually with muddy heels. They are constantly off for all-day outings. They always carry raincoats and parcels of lunch; they move competently but without grace. They are strongly built and rather knobby. They seem to have been washed with ice-cold water and a handful of sand. Their appearance is standardized—crocheted blouses, nondescript skirts and hats three years old, turned up in back and down in front. They can stand wear and tear and they look as if they had to. Give us a Rolls Royce with a Ford engine every time.

Good for Al

"THE WORST IS OVER"—Premier Bennett of Canada.

"A break in the clouds is apparent on the horizon"—Secretary of State Stimson.

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SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

"On the whole, evidences are accumulating that liquidation has run its course and that the natural upbuilding forces are beginning to take hold. The very extent and nature of the decline have forced drastic readjustments which are serving as correctives and are aiding in the restoration of equilibrium"—Secretary of Commerce Lamont.

"No living man can predict what general conditions will be next year. The ink is hardly dry on a prophecy before things go the other way. I want to keep out of *Oh Yeah?*"—Alfred E. Smith.

▸▸*Candidate for Hearst*

DESPITE his careful process of elimination, William Randolph Hearst picked the wrong man for President in his radio address of January 2. It was a pity, too, for Mr. Hearst had started his address in the best Hearst style. He had enunciated standards to guide the Democrats in selecting their nominee and they were Hearst standards through and through. "We should personally see to it," he had said, "that a man is elected to the Presidency this year whose guiding motto is 'America First'." But not Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Baker or Mr. Ritchie or Mr. Smith or Mr. Young, for, said Mr. Hearst, they are all "internationalists—all, like Hoover, disciples of Woodrow Wilson, inheriting and fatuously following his visionary policies of intermeddling in European conflicts and complications." John N. Garner, Speaker of the House of Representatives, is the man, Mr. Hearst said, ignoring the fact that Mr. Garner married into the family of Rheiners—Germans, you know, Huns; the enemy with whom we were recently at war.

A man with German in-laws hardly fits the Hearst formula. There is, however, a man who does fit it, and fits it to a nicety. In fact, he has shouted "America First" as loudly, if not quite as long, as Mr. Hearst himself. This man, moreover, believes in patriotic deeds as well as patriotic words. He once threatened to punch a foreign king in the nose. We refer, of course, to William Hale ("Big Bill") Thompson. Why Mr. Hearst didn't speak of him is beyond us. "Big Bill" is just the sort of candidate Mr. Hearst would like.

▸▸*The Current Circus*

WILLIAM L. WILSON and Otto C. Kafer, young government clerks, were the first to shake hands with President Hoover on New Year's Day. To win this honor, they stood in the rain all night, much to the discomfiture of John W. Hunefeld, first in line in 1928, 1929, 1930 and 1931.

Mrs. Sol Elisha of Beaumont, Texas, charges that baseballs fouled out of the local ball park last season struck her house "constantly and terrifically," knocked shingles off the roof, broke windows and dishes, struck her and her husband, caused her husband to become undernourished and resulted in his death. She has therefore filed suit against the owner of the ball park and several other citizens for $1,000,000.

On January 1, Jacob S. Coxey, who led the march of the unemployed to Washington in 1894, was inaugurated as mayor of Massillon, Ohio. He pledged himself to uphold the Bill of Rights and advocated the plan of unemployment relief—"to issue money at cost and build good roads"—which came to him in a dream thirty-eight years previously.

Miss Randi Lerohl, middle-aged scrub-woman who is rowing down the Mississippi from St. Paul to New Orleans in a flat-bottomed boat, averages only five miles an hour, but her trip is half completed.

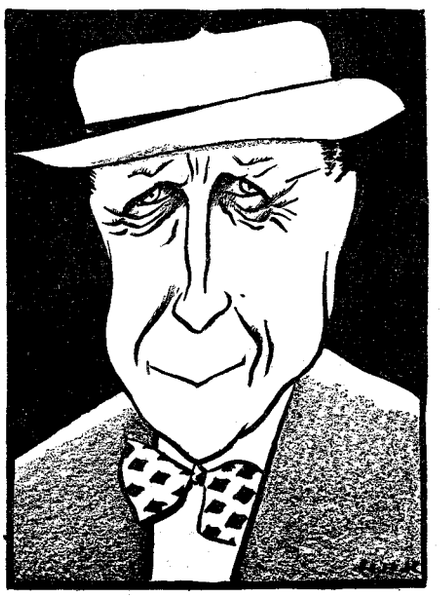
Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini, sixty years old, returning to New York after several years' absence, declares that woman is not fitted for the many things she tries to do nowadays, "particularly the ambitious young American woman. It is horrible, what I see. Men are no longer courteous to women. Women are no longer concerned about their homes or their children, and how can a woman work all day and do her family justice? No, there are no more ladies left in this world."

The Leavenworth (Kan.) *Times* reports that prisoners at the Federal penitentiary have been making liquor in the boiler room.

▸▸*Hard One*

MRS. REBECCA ROSS, of Teaneck, New Jersey, drew up forty-seven commandments for her husband and, after he had refused to obey them, brought action for the annulment of the marriage. There are commandments like this: "That I shall receive from you a salary for fulfilling the duties of cook and housewife." And like this: "That you will attend all church services regularly." And so on. Ten to one, though, it was at Number 44 that Mr. Ross balked. This one reads, "That I shall have the full right and utmost freedom in telephoning to my family."

You know the ordeal. The peaceful evening. Radio going. You are in the middle of a good story you heard that day. Phone rings in the hall. "Who'd that be?" "Mother, probably." Wife snaps off radio, answers phone and settles down to it. "Nothing much. What's the news? . . . . Really?" On and on. Can't turn radio back on. Good program, too. Can't whistle, play victrola or drum piano with one finger. "Mmmm . . . . Mmmm . . . . Well, let me tell you . . . ." On and on. Can't settle down to paper—subconscious desire to hear what is being said. Can't leave room—wife will want to know "Was it Tuesday or Wednesday we saw the Phelpses?" On and on. Nothing to do but think of all



HEARST

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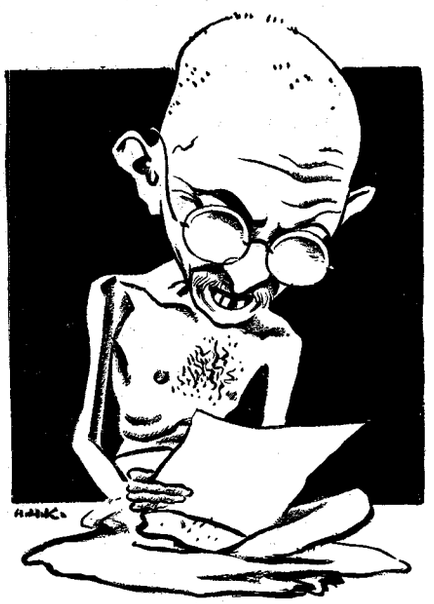
the people you'd like to see who might be calling up now and finding the line busy. It lasts an hour, sometimes two.



THE MAHATMA

Some husbands get used to it. Some don't. Some get the shears and cut the telephone wires.

▶▶*Books for the Bitten*

IF YOU still want to study up on the depression, consult the book list prepared by the American Library Association, the American Booksellers' Association and the National Association of Book Publishers. It runs, in part, as follows:

America Weighs Her Gold, by James H. Rogers.
America's Way Out, by Norman Thomas.
Business Adrift, by Wallace B. Donham.
How to Spend Your Money, by Ernest McCullough.
The Menace of Overproduction—ed. Scoville Hamlin.
New Roads to Prosperity, by Paul M. Mazur.
Our Mysterious Panics, by Charles A. Collman.
Out of the Depression—and After, by Stuart Chase.
Reducing Seasonal Unemployment, by Edwin S. Smith.
Unemployment as a World Problem—ed. Quincy Wright.
The Way Out of Depression, by Hermann F. Arendtz.
The Way to Recovery, by Sir George Paish.
Your Job and Your Pay, by Catherine H. Pollack.

If you don't want to read about the depression, that's different. If the great argument leaves you evermore coming out by the same door wherein you went, that's different too. If you insist that another word about the depression and you'll scream, so's that. In such case you'll want to get away from It All at once. Some good books for that purpose are *Black Beauty*, *Barriers Burned Away*, *Helen's Babies*, *Work and Win*, *Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit* and Mrs. Conrad's *Handbook of Cookery for a Small House*.

▶▶*Straining at Gnats*

AS A CLASS, clergymen mixing in public affairs have an astonishing habit of straining at gnats while swallowing camels. For the latest illustration of the fact, note the Citizens' Committee for Civic Decency, recently started by clergymen in New York City. Its object is to drive "vile and indecent" magazines off the newsstands "by quick and spirited action on the part of the constituted state, county and city authorities, supported by an aroused public opinion"—aroused, presumably, by the committee. The committeemen do not publicly say what magazines they have in mind. One wonders whether they refer to any of the new magazines of rowdy humor which, far from shocking the average reader, are breaking records for sales.

So much for a New York gnat. Now for one of the many New York camels. Five months before this committee was organized, a car full of gangsters, driving through a New York street with guns roaring, left one child dying and four others wounded on the sidewalks. A few weeks ago two young men were tried for this crime only to be acquitted by direction of the presiding judge when the state's chief witness was found to have a criminal record and to be altogether untrustworthy. No one, therefore, has been convicted of the crime, nor is anyone even under arrest for it. It promises to go down as another unsolved mystery—another indication that the gangster has little to fear from and little fear of the law.

Here, it seems to us, is a condition worth worrying about, and doubtless the clergymen who have started this movement against magazines are worried about it, too. Yet they are not spurring on public servants to solve this crime at all costs, nor are they seeking to arouse public opinion against the fundamental conditions which produced it. They are too busy with this trivial little drive to clean up the newsstands.

▶▶*Trouble in India*

THE imprisonment of Mahatma Gandhi is but another sign that there are dark days ahead for India. If social and economic confusion, rioting and violence do not eventuate, it will be because heads are calmer than they appear to be today. India's long fight for self-government has reached a new stage, with Gandhi's Nationalists determined to renew their campaign of civil disobedience and Britain determined to stamp it out as ruthlessly as need be.

The situation results from the failure of Gandhi and the British to agree at the recent conference on India in London. Gandhi went to London demanding complete and immediate independence. He did not get it, nor anything like it. When, therefore, he returned to India, he had either to admit defeat or attempt to gain by force what he had failed to gain by negotiation. And he and his Nationalists were not disposed to admit defeat.

It is needless to describe the particular issue on which Gandhi and the British finally came to grips. Suffice it to say that Gandhi, declaring that certain British measures violated a British pledge, demanded a conference with the Viceroy, the Earl of Willingdon. The British reply was significant. Gandhi was coldly informed that the Viceroy would not discuss the measures in question—informed, in effect, that Britain was through debating and that the Nationalists could either put up or shut up. Gandhi thereupon declared that unless the measures were withdrawn the Nationalists might resume the campaign of passive resistance halted when he agreed to go to London last year. He was brusquely informed that the government's policy was not dependent on his

THE VICEROY

judgment, that the government would do as it wished and that he and the other Nationalist leaders would be held re-

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sponsible for "all consequences" of their actions.

Plain before, the British challenge to Gandhi to do his worst thus became plainer still. Nor was the challenge a bluff, for, though Gandhi appeared to take a conciliatory tone at this point, Britain clapped him into jail and continued to strengthen her military and police forces throughout India. Her position is that, temporarily at any rate, she will grant India only a few constitutional reforms. Further than that she refuses to budge.

▸▸*Call to Arms*

THE lines on which the Indian Nationalists plan to conduct their campaign were indicated in the highly emotional call to arms which Gandhi sounded on January 4. It reads as follows:

"Wake up from sleep. Discard foreign cloth and spin khaddar. Discard narcotics and all intoxicating liquors. Discard violence and protect English people—men, women and children—even if they are provocative. Withdraw from the government all coöperation, individually and collectively. Fulfill the resolutions of the [Nationalist] Congress working committee, even if hardships, including injury or loss of life or property, ensue. Begin by hartals [mourning strikes], then by civil disobedience, according to the circumstances of the district, such as illegal manufacture of salt and picketing of liquor shops and foreign cloth shops. Disobey orders, except when a breach of the peace may be apprehended. Defy all orders calculated to crush the national spirit or to crush the Congress. When leaders are arrested individuals must become leaders. Maintain the spirit of civil defiance. The handicaps imposed by internal dissensions and opposition among the Indians themselves will dissolve in the fire of sufferings without hatred."

We reprint this plea because, if the activities of the Nationalists prove as far-reaching and resultful as they seem likely to, it may become historic.

▸▸*For Clarity's Sake*

TWO false impressions are being created by the flourish of economy talk in Washington. The first is that, through rigid economy, such tax increases as those proposed by Secretary Mellon can be avoided. As a matter of fact, Secretary Mellon's proposed increases are specifically based on the assumption of economy. Neither he nor any one else hopes to balance the budget during the current fiscal year which ends on June 30. A huge deficit at the end of the year is unavoidable. By increasing taxes Mr. Mellon does, however, hope to bring next year's revenues up to the level of expenditures—provided that economies reduce the expenditures for that year by nearly $400,000,000. Economies plus increased taxes of the character he proposes may prevent a deficit for the fiscal year 1932-33, but economies cannot possibly make increased taxes unnecessary.

The second false impression is that the

Sykes—N. Y. Evening Post

YES, IT'S LEAP YEAR

agitation for economy can be made to square with the effort to provide Federal jobs for the unemployed. It cannot. Sufficiently rigid Federal economy would entirely offset the good effects of the Federal building program of which the Administration is so proud. President Hoover and Vice-President Curtis—as well as several Republican and Democratic Senators—suggest that somewhere between $300,000,000 and $500,000,000 be saved by consolidating certain governmental bureaus. Such economy would necessarily decrease the number of jobs in Washington. Each job so destroyed would offset a job created by the Federal building program. To link a building program with an economy program, as the Administration is planning to do, is to hire with one hand and fire with the other.

▸▸*Federal Relief Ahead*

STARTING with the reasonable assumption that suffering among the unemployed must be relieved somehow, let us see what we face. First, it is clear that privately subscribed relief funds will be insufficient to provide for the suffering not already attended to by state and local governments. As much was indicated by recent testimony of welfare directors before the Senate Committee on Manufactures—notably that of Allen T. Burns, director of the Association of Community Chests, on which President Hoover placed the responsibility of stimulating collections in cities of more than 25,000 population. There are, then, two practical alternatives—Federal funds or more local and state funds. Mr. Burns, like nearly everyone else, prefers local and state funds. But, asked whether Federal funds would be necessary, he replied: "My personal surmise is that the need will be most decided."

States, and particularly cities, are already contributing heavily to unemployment relief—indeed, they and not private contributors, have been carrying most of the load. In some cases they are unable to contribute any more. In others, they have, in effect, been warned against contributing any more by taxpayers. As Mark Sullivan writes to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "a page of this newspaper could be filled with cases of communities which have 'read the riot act' to the public officials in the form of peremptory demands for decrease of taxes." The prospects are, then, that much of whatever additional relief is granted must come from the Federal government. Naturally its officials are susceptible to clamor against increased taxes, which are the inevitable price of adequate government relief. But they are less susceptible than the officials of states and cities.

In these circumstances the handwriting on the wall spells Federal relief, and one might as well get used to it. The case is becoming one of Federal relief, which is undesirable, or inadequate relief, which is unthinkable.

▸▸*Another Ghost Story*

SINCE our recent deduction, in the manner of Sherlock Holmes, concerning the ghost in London's Mansion House which was bothering the Lady Mayoress, another ghost has cropped up. It haunts the Yugoslav Legation building, formerly the Kaunitz Palace, in Prague, Czechoslovakia, and makes its presence known at night by loud, repeated knocking.

This, one sees in a flash, is a modern,

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psychological problem, for the ghost uses repeated knocking rather than groans, sighs or clanking chains. Therefore the Philo Vance type of solution is suggested. Here it is: The ghost is really an aged scientist, who has spent his life perfecting a drug which will make the person to whom it is administered answer accurately any question which may be asked him. Constant research and lack of fresh air have given the scientist a Jehovah complex—he believes that his formula will make him all-powerful, with control over life and death. That has nothing to do with the story, though. It's put in because a Philo Vance mystery has got to be fiendish.

The trouble with this scientist is that he doesn't know where he is. When the World War broke out he was, unbeknownst to anyone, working on his formula in his bat-infested laboratory at the top of the Kaunitz Palace. He didn't know about the war and when finally he emerged his country had become Czechoslovakia and his palace the Yugoslav Legation. He never heard of Czechoslovakia; he doesn't know where he is. He wants to go to Düsseldorf, where his sister lives, but he doesn't know in what direction to start. He has prowled around the Legation, trying to find out. People either didn't see him or took him for the janitor. Being a scientist, he knows that a single sound, repeated often enough, will unhinge the listener's reason. He therefore passes his evenings making loud knocking sounds, waiting for some Legation attaché to become partly crazed and start wandering around alone. The scientist will lure this man into his laboratory, inject the powerful, secret drug, and thus wring from him an accurate answer to the question, "'Which way to Düsseldorf?" If the members of the Yugoslav Legation would simply find the bewildered scientist and explain, they would have no more ghost.

▸▸*Along Came Fish*

THE reaction of Representative Ham Fish to the recent bombing plot illustrates his ability to inject a comic element into a serious situation. Here was a case which demanded detective work of the highest order. That would be true of any case involving the shipment of a dozen bombs through the mails and by express and the deaths of an explosive expert and two postal workers who accidentally set two of them off. But in this case there was a special need for high-grade detective work. Seven of the bombs were addressed to consuls stationed here by other countries, six of them by Italy and one by Argentina, and our duty to afford the fullest protection to agents of foreign governments admits of no dispute. Needless to say, we shall have failed to fulfill this duty as long as the bomb conspirators are at large.

Yet our detectives have scarcely spent three days on the case when Mr. Fish strode on the scene with two pompous resolutions reciting the glories of the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence and the American Legion. Both resolutions repeated the hasty and untrue charges that Facists or anti-Facists were responsible for the bomb shipments. One demanded that Facists and anti-Facists cease their activities in this country. The other proposed a congressional investigation of their activities, not excluding the bombing itself. The idea, presumably, is that if an investigation were started Mr. Fish would be happy to be the chief investigator. Give him his way and there would be a Facist scare to replace his Communist scare of recent memory.

▸▸*In the Right Direction*

THE new Democratic tariff measure, which has the full backing of the Democratic policy committee in Congress, is a step in the right direction. How valuable the step is to be depends on how the measure is received by Congress as a whole and by President Hoover.

The bill may not satisfy idealists, for it makes no specific changes in our absurdly high tariff rates. It pleases realists, however, because it authorizes and requests President Hoover to call an in-

Remarkable Remarks

Business is not bad. It is only bad in spots.—F. A. SEIBERLING.	*Ray W. Frohman, 1181 W. 36th St., Los Angeles, Cal., $5 prize.*
All is right with the world.—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR.	*Beatrice Dodge, 1301 Mass. Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C., $2 prize.*
We [Chicago] are a financially stable and an absolutely solvent community.—MAYOR ANTON J. CERMAK.	*Garrett J. Hardin, 7625 Essex Ave., Chicago, Ill., $2 prize.*
Boys in colleges are little birds in the nest, freed from the necessity of thinking.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.	*Myrtle Conger, 903 Chestnut St., Columbus, Ind., $2 prize.*
If I were a boy seeking an unselfish American official who works courageously on in absolute duty, resisting all sinister influences and setting an example for all manly boys to follow, I believe my choice would fall upon an efficient prohibition agent. He typifies an ideal.—WALTON HOOD GRANT.	*Guy S. Williams, 4907 Webster St., Omaha, Neb., $2 prize.*
Hell is hot.—PROF. J. RUSSELL SMITH.	*Lowry B. Karnes, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisc., $2 prize.*
All I want is happiness.—LADY WOLSELEY.	*Mrs. E. R. Adee, Tuxedo Park, N. Y., $2 prize.*
I am not averse to publicity.—ELY CULBERTSON.	*Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.*
I am getting darn mad.—SIDNEY S. LENZ.	*Elois F. Elden, 1405 Grant St., Berkeley, Calif., $2 prize.*
I do not ever think.—MARLENE DIETRICH.	*Mrs. Arthur Heckemeyer, 4622a Steinlage Drive, St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.*
There is no question about it—the average man is fascinated by the beauty of a woman. —RUDY VALLEE.	*Mrs. H. L. Love, 256 E. 1st N. St., Provo, Utah, $2 prize.*

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 63

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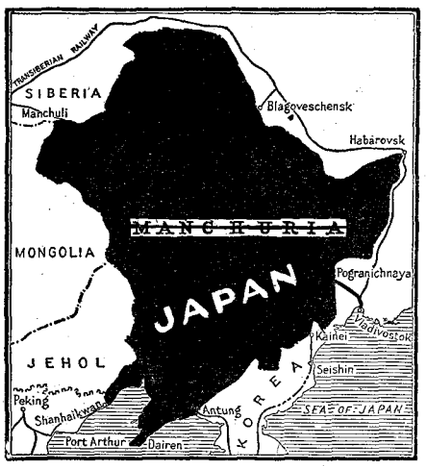

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE

ternational tariff conference to negotiate reductions in our rates along with those of other countries. The principle of reciprocal reduction is unquestionably sound. In adopting it the Democrats have avoided the two obvious difficulties in the way of any direct move toward lower tariffs. In the first place, a bill to lower specific tariffs immediately, even if passed in the Democratic House, probably would be doomed in the Republican Senate and, even if passed in the Senate, probably would be vetoed by Mr. Hoover. In the second place, such a bill, if signed by Mr. Hoover, would hardly produce the advantages inherent in reciprocal tariff reduction. That is to say, the United States might lower its tariffs only to find other countries maintaining theirs at present levels. The patent advantage of the method now seized upon by the Democrats is that it postulates lower tariffs abroad in return for lower tariffs at home.

It is probable that, with the United States taking the lead, this objective could be realized, for the folly of competitive tariff-making has become increasingly obvious to statesmen everywhere.

▶▶*Japan Takes Manchuria*

THE Japanese invasion of China is now as simple as a slogan. Japan wanted Manchuria, so, starting on September 18, she took its heart. There remained the northern and southern members, and she wanted those, too. So first she reached north and, on November 19, took Tsitsihar, and then she reached south and, on January 2, took Chinchow. She now has Manchuria in her pocket and her more candid statesmen no longer bother to deny her intentions to keep it there. Her next step will be to set up puppet government to rule Manchuria as Japan wishes and so maintain the farce that the Manchurians are governing themselves.

It did not bother Japan that the conquest of Manchuria involved the violation of solemn obligations. Cheerfully and coolly, she violated them all—her pledges under the League Covenant, Nine-Power treaty and Kellogg pact, and her repeated promises to withdraw her troops as soon as possible and meanwhile to refrain from any act through which the situation might be aggravated. If in the beginning she had doubts and compunctions, these were soon smothered by her desire for military achievement and foreign conquest.

At this moment she owns Manchuria from the Siberian border to the Great Wall and she now stands there satisfied, happy and perhaps a little more cocky than good judgment warrants. For her cockiness is dangerous if it caused the attack by Japanese soldiers on Culver B. Chamberlain, American consul at Harbin, which we have so sternly protested, and the threatening letters sent to the British consul in Dairen, which are making the British lion roar. It would be ironic if the United States, Britain and other countries were to become seriously involved in the Manchurian affair after all. Hitherto they have been anxious to avoid involvement even if this meant a serious blow to the prestige and authority of the League of Nations. Yet in the end their national honor may force them into an attitude toward Japan which they refused to adopt even in the interest of the League, their strongest instrument for peace in existence.

Kirby—N. Y. World-Telegram

THE YEAR OF THE BIG WIND

▶▶*Special Message*

IN SENDING a special message to Congress insisting that it take speedy action on his business relief program, Mr. Hoover has adopted the best possible course in the circumstances. It is to be remembered, however, that these circumstances are in large part the creatures of his own refusal to call Congress into special session. One cannot admire Mr. Hoover's efforts to keep Congress from wasting weeks without reflecting that he himself wasted months by failing to call a special session last summer. Had that been done, as was urged on every hand, his relief program might now be in full operation.

It is a program well worth the attention of Congress. With a few exceptions, its measures are sound and promise to ease the strain on our credit structure. The principal proposals are to strengthen the Federal Land Bank system, create another bank system to issue loans on new and old homes, and set up a reconstruction finance corporation to furnish credit to establish industries and institutions otherwise unable to secure it. He also urges Congress to strengthen the railroads by revising transportation laws "in the direction recommended by the Interstate Commerce Commission"—presumably to allow the railroads to lay up reserves for hard times.

Mr. Hoover now likens the job of fighting a depression to that of fighting a war. Such an attitude in the White House must be welcomed. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Hoover was two years late in realizing that the war had started and in getting to the front. During the early stages of the great struggle he sought to dismiss it as a skirmish.

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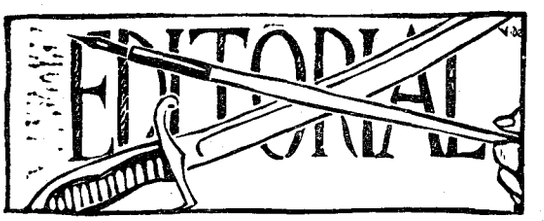
Murder in Missouri



EXCEPT when artistically served up to the public in the form of mystery yarns or detective stories, murder is about as gruesome and unpleasant a business as any with which modern society has to deal. To the idealistic mind, the course of the usual murder story—with the crime invariably followed by punishment—would seem to be such that, in a civilized society where ordinary justice prevails, murder as a crime would tend to disappear. Yet, grimly enough, such does not seem to be the fact. Particularly it is not the fact in the United States. According to the latest study of crime records made by Professor Barnhart of Birmingham Southern College, this country still holds its record as the most murderous country in the world, with twelve thousand homicides in 1930. Nor is this so because of New York's gunmen or the Far West's vanishing desperadoes. "The lowest rate of homicide," said Professor Barnhart, analyzing the record of thirty selected American cities before his fellow scientists assembled in New Orleans, "is found in the Eastern cities, the Western cities having only a trifle higher rate, the Middle cities having a rate approximately twice that of the Eastern or Western cities, and the Southern cities having the highest rate of homicide of any section in the United States. The rate in the South is nearly three times greater than the Middle Western cities and more than five times the rate of the Eastern or Western cities." In Chicago, for instance, the rate in 1930 was 14.4 for each 100,000 population, as against New York's 7.1 and Los Angeles' 6.6. Only 19 cities in the country had no homicides in 1930 and all except two of these were under 100,000 population. The homicide rate in thirty selected American cities in 1929 was nineteen times the rate for England and Wales.

CERTAINLY no amount of talk about our mixed population as compared with Great Britain's homogeneous one can account for such a glaring disparity as this. Nor has it any conceivable connection with the desperation of years of depression. Depression has hit both countries and in both countries the rate has remained comparatively the same for ten years, with a slight but steady decline in England, a slight but steady increase in the United States. Otherwise the ratio of one to 19 has remained the same. The hard and unlovely fact is that, as a nation, we are murderously inclined; and we cannot blame it on the foreigner in our midst. We Americans, ourselves, are to blame; and our American-created police and judicial systems must shoulder a good deal of the responsibility.

PERHAPS no better example could be found of one of the things that ail us than the latest wholesale murder committed by Harry Young and several desperate companions near Springfield, Missouri, last week. Harry Young had committed a murder two years before he led the firing from the Ozark Mountain farmhouse which resulted in the killing of six officers of the law who were trying to arrest him. He had been a murderer and at large since June, 1929, when he shot and killed the officer who was taking him to court to be arraigned on another charge. He had escaped from the officer's car and was not traced until the police of Green county received a tip last Saturday that he had returned to the Young farm after two years in hiding. Even then the plans to capture him appear incredibly sketchy, amateur and haphazard. Eight men in two motor cars drove to the farmhouse. Bravely but with unaccountable stupidity, they drove directly to the house, took no measures to surround it, but went ahead over the open fields before the dwelling where the known murderer was hiding, only to be mowed down one after the other until only two were left. Ensued a tremendous fanfare with a new force of police, deputy sheriffs and constables' deputies despatched to the scene and finally a battery of seventy-five National Guardsmen.

TO QUOTE the New York *Times*: "With the artillerymen using machine guns and the deputies and police rifles and riot guns the battle went on as darkness descended. Ambulances arrived from Springfield and were held in readiness a few hundred yards from the house until the bodies of the dead could be reached.

"A few officers tried to worm their way across the field toward the house, but showers of bullets would drive them back.

"Suddenly the volleys from the farmhouse ceased and the attackers charged. In front of the door they found the bodies of the sheriff and those who had first gone with him to arrest Young. The house and barn were searched, but the desperado and his companions had fled." How? Through a mysterious tunnel under the house. No far-flung cordon had been established nor careful siege attempted. In the darkness the murderers simply went away. As we go to press, many haystacks have been fired, hundreds of motor cars have crowded the roads, clues have been found in Texas, reports have come in of the men being seen in various localities, but the murderers have not been caught.

THIS may be American. Unquestionably it showed bravery on the part of the police officers. But as an example of the kind of police work which can deal effectively with crime, we submit that it would make Scotland Yard weep. If ever scientific police training were needed, it appears to be needed in Missouri. Nor in saying so do we single out that commonwealth to throw stones at. To any one who merely reads the newspapers it is clear that in greater or less degree the same criticism applies to every state in the Union. Bravery, commendable as that quality is, has no direct relation to brains—but many a patrolman has been elevated to the rank of detective for bravery alone. Strong-arm methods, machine guns and hand grenades are poor substitutes for skill. The entire bundle of methods now in use by our overlapping police organizations to track down known, identified criminals ought to be overhauled and made effective over the whole United States.

THE EDITORS.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE DO NOT profess to know whether all this third-party talk on Capitol Hill will come to anything, but it is to be heard wherever one or two Progressives gather. The feeling against Mr. Hoover in the West is so bitter that Senators from those regions, even though they may be inclined to follow the leader and party blindly, must take cognizance of it. It has got so bad, we are informed, that it is no longer evidence of political courage or independence for a Senator or Congressman to attack the President, unless he indulges in the sort of language Louis McFadden used in the moratorium debate, or to speculate on the prospect of bolting in the presidential election. "Bill" Borah, we hear, now admits that a third party may have a chance of success, or at least serve to awaken both the major parties and their candidates to the need of heeding Western demands for greater consideration. "Uncle George" Norris, that hard-headed realist, who has hitherto urged against such a movement because the machinery of the electoral college, as manipulated by the politicians, mitigates against effective action, is now willing—nay, eager—to sponsor another experiment. The younger Progressives, like Nye, Cutting and La Follette, who have not attained such estate that they can do about as they please in their home territory, as can Borah and Norris, are not the least bit afraid to speak out against the Administration, or to debate ways and means of preventing either the renomination or reëlection of Mr. Hoover.

IN FACT, we understand it was some of the younger men who called the recent conference of Senate Progressives which requested Mr. Norris to become the avowed candidate of the insurrectionists. Mr. Norris, as always, served as their adviser. Mr. Borah was not on hand—was not asked, we hear—and, of course, Hi Johnson was not considered sufficiently dynamic enough in his progressivism to be included. So the young men ran the show. At last, it seems, the tribe which stems partly from William Jennings Bryan, partly from "Old Bob" La Follette, partly from Theodore Roosevelt, and, of living men, from Messrs. Norris and Borah, has raised up a dozen young Davids to upset G.O.P. Goliaths for many years to come. There will be hands to carry on the dynamite of party irregularity when the elders have passed on, and in this fact lies most of the significance of the present movement.

As always, the Progressives differ among themselves over personalities and principles. It is the great obstacle to the success of any movement they may inaugurate, as it is, at times, their source of inspiration and strength. Messrs. Blaine and La Follette, for instance, are wets, whereas most of the others are dry. Some are content with sorties inside Senate walls, but not outside them. Some counsel a political program which might be termed "radical," while others would, without sacrificing their convictions, lean a little toward the conservative side.

NEVERTHELESS, we understand there was some progress toward a general agreement at their first conference. They agreed, we get word, that superficial differences should be forgotten in an effort to find a candidate of their own, if a third ticket is deemed necessary, who shall be right, as they put it, on fundamentals. Should the Democrats name a man who fits this description, we imagine most of them will give him tacit or active support in their respective states.

Difficulties also beset them with respect to prospective leaders of a third party, or rather, presidential candidates. Mr. Norris is the almost unanimous choice of the younger men, but he honestly will not run, unless it becomes necessary. He is old and tired, even though he may be preparing for "one fight more—the best and the last." But there is an even greater consideration against him. Although few men have exhibited his honesty, ability or courage in modern public life, he has not captivated the public imagination as has Mr. Borah. Indeed, Mr. Norris—wrongly, we think—is held to be too radical, too much of a firebrand, too lacking in moderation. It is an entirely erroneous measure of the man, but it is a reality.

Mr. Borah would be the ideal individual for smashing up the old parties in both East and West. With him in the race, and, as we imagine he would, carrying many Western states, it is probable that the contest might be thrown into the House. He himself, we understand, has been tempted by the prediction that, under such conditions, a majority of the forty-eight states—which would vote as a unit, and not by individuals in their Congressional delegations—might be maneuvered into the Progressives' camp. But—and there's the rub!—his associates do not know whether they can count on the Senator from Idaho to go through. Despite his suspicion that 1932 may be a bolting year, his record inclines them to postpone consideration of him. Love "Uncle George" as they may—and do—we happen to know that a nod from Mr. Borah, if they were convinced it was not an Homeric nod, would win him a third-party nomination overnight. The fact remains, however, that he was not even invited to the party which may turn out to be the beginning of another Armageddon.

Gifford Pinchot, we find, does not appeal to many of the Progressives as a presidential nominee. There is something about the Pennsylvania governor—a touch of artificiality, of opportunism, of theatrics—which prevents them from looking upon him as a thoroughgoing liberal. The multi-millionaire woodsman, whose present term in office was made possible only through an alliance with that shining Galahad of politics—Joseph S. Grundy—would, undoubtedly, pack little appeal to the farmers and plain people of the West. He is, we are trustworthily informed, ineligible in the view of the men now going up and down the political fields in search of a candidate.

THE fourth man under discussion, provided he would go along, is Senator Johnson, whose irreconcilable tenets now seem to be quite as popular with the populace as they were in 1920. The Senator detests Mr. Hoover, and might be inveigled into opposing the latter in the California presidential primary, but we doubt it. When a third party, or his possible candidacy, is suggested to Hiram, he turns a cold gleam on one, and reiterates: "Stop kidding me." The Progressives would, of course, prefer him to Mr. Hoover, but they fear their constituents would not. "Hi," in their opinion, has been wrong on the tariff and other economic issues ever since he entered public life, frittering away his really great ability in making lemon, peanut and fig crops profitable for the Californians. About the only quality in Mr. Johnson which commends him to the insurgents is his hatred of Herbert Hoover—and that's a slim foundation for a Progressive movement.

A. F. C.

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The Dark Horse of Democracy

A Portrait of Newton D. Baker of Ohio

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

SEVERAL years after returning to Cleveland to resume his law practice Newton D. Baker was retained in a case affecting the validity of the Federal Reserve System. The importance of the litigation was obvious and the outcome was awaited with a degree of apprehension by bankers throughout the nation. One of them, meeting Baker in Cleveland some months after he had been given the case, inquired nervously regarding the preparations being made.

"Why, I've been doing some reading," answered Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of War. "I've been reading all the important decisions applying to national banks."

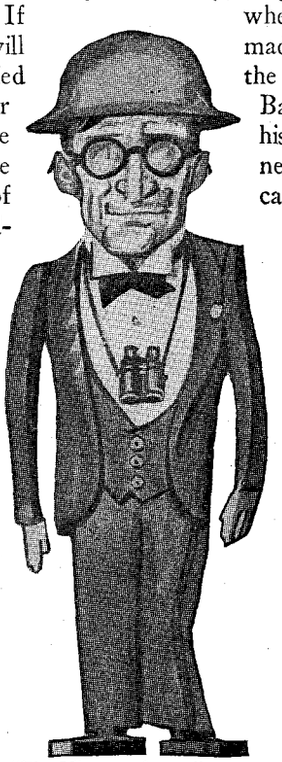
"*All* the decisions?" asked the banker, astonished, for it was a task comparable to the research required for a doctorate.

"Yes," said Baker mildly.

Ultimately the case was called for trial and it became clear that his time had been well spent. He was familiar with all the legal aspects of the national banking system from its inception down through the fight waged by Andrew Jackson and up to the long struggle which resulted in the Federal Reserve System itself. He won his case, to no small degree, by the sheer mass of his knowledge.

This thoroughness illustrates an outstanding characteristic of the rather sober Ohio Democrat who, if the lightning strikes, may be his party's nominee for President of the United States. It can be said with entire certainty that Baker is, at the least, a passive candidate. If Franklin D. Roosevelt fails to obtain two-thirds of the delegates, if Al Smith finally becomes convinced that the path to the White House is forever blocked, if Owen D. Young develops no strength, if Governor Ritchie of Maryland is discarded as too wet, if no other dark horse arises at the eleventh hour—if these are to be the sequences at the Democratic convention, Newton D. Baker will listen to the call of his party. Mr. Baker has admitted as much publicly; in his statement that he "wanted to fight for idealism and liberalism . . . . whether carrying a banner or marching in the ranks." The fact that Mr. Baker is doing nothing openly and has declined to have his name used in the Ohio primaries does not mean that he is a candidate to be chosen only as a last desperate resort. As a matter of fact, his name is mentioned more frequently than that of any other aspirant except Roosevelt. The only intelligent strategy, however, is for him to wait for the lightning.

If Newton D. Baker leads the Democrats next fall it will be, in his own mind, because the tide has turned from the materialism which followed the hysterical patriotism of the war. If he is elected his supporters will say that the nation has wearied of twelve years of Hoover normalcy, Coolidge silence and Hoover evasiveness. There will, of course, be a degree of truth in their assertions although, in actuality, most of the votes will be cast on the basis of such prejudices as "We're broke, maybe the Democrats can do better." "Didn't Hoover promise prosperity; where is it?" But a victory for Baker, distant as that eventuality may now seem, will prove one thing. It will mean that the hatred toward Woodrow Wilson is beginning to die. It will mean that the people of the United States are less frightened by the spectre of participation in international affairs. For if Baker runs for the presidency he will carry with him the burden of having advocated the League of Nations. As recently as September, 1931, Baker wrote in a private letter that the Democratic platform of 1932 must reflect a more helpful and coöperative international attitude.



"The Mirrors of 1932" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam)

IN OUTWARD appearance he has changed very little from the man who ran the War Department during its greatest crisis, who exhausted the most robust of his aides by his extraordinary capacity for work. The years have deepened the lines in his face but they have added no flesh to his small bones. His hair is only sprinkled with gray. He still sits, as he sat in Washington, on the edge of his chair with his feet rather primly beneath it. The years have increased his ability to talk easily and readily with strangers but he is still plausible rather than completely convincing; a fact which should not be misinterpreted into a reflection on his sincerity. He can rise, as he did during the famous League of Nations speech at Madison Square Garden in 1924, to high eloquence, but he is basically intellectual rather than emotional. Baker is still the despair of those among his friends who believe that it is human, even praiseworthy, to grow angry and strike back when groundless accusations are made. There is no record, in all the years of his public life, that Baker has ever thus exploded; his most intimate friends have never heard him. And yet he can arouse great enthusiasm; men give to him freely their advice and their time. I remember, a year or so ago, meeting a youthful Cleveland newspaper man, who expressed the hope that Baker might be a candidate in 1932. He exuded the aloofness which he conceived to be necessary to the rôle of journalist.

"It will surprise you," he said, "but if Mr. Baker runs I would do anything, anything, for him. I'd even go on the stump."

It is Newton Baker's integrity, perhaps, which inspires such support. It is limited to the few who know him well. If, otherwise, men follow rather than shout for him it is because Baker is a pleader of causes rather than a creator of them. He has carried on the banners, sometimes a trifle subdued in their coloring, which others first unfurled to the breeze. Baker succeeded the crusading Tom Johnson as mayor of Cleveland, the Johnson who was an apostle of Henry George and who wrote in his memoirs that "it was not free silver that frightened the plutocratic leaders" in 1896 when Bryanism swept eastward from the Nebraska prairies. "What they feared then, what they fear now," he said, "is free men." But Baker was not a single taxer or comparably as radical as Johnson. He now speaks for the ideas which found birth in the mind of Woodrow Wilson. "You are still the captain of my soul!" he cried, apostrophizing Wilson in 1924. But Baker will never retire to a house on S Street and wait for death, a broken and bitter man, if the nation continues

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to spurn a League of Nations. Baker is less violent than was Tom Johnson and less rigid than Wilson; it is not impossible that he will succeed where they failed.

Between 1888 and 1892 a dingy boarding house in Baltimore sheltered a group of students at Johns Hopkins University. Among them, a member of the class of '92, was a young West Virginian named Newton Diehl Baker, who had a reputation for studious application to his work but who enjoyed prolonged conversations around the dinner table. A member of the Hopkins faculty at the time was greatly admired by the boarding-house group although they saw little of him outside the classroom. Woodrow Wilson, who gave a course on the theory of administration, was an inspired teacher, if something of a recluse. Baker took his course and watched with interest the rise of Wilson to the presidency of Princeton University. A day was to come when he could be of service to his former professor.

SMALL and slight, the intellectual rather than the carefree college student with peg-top trousers and an underslung pipe, Newton Baker had arrived at Johns Hopkins from Martinsburg, West Virginia, where he was born on December 3, 1871. Frederick Palmer, in his *Newton D. Baker, America at War*, gives a hint or two of the boyhood years. The damning fact is revealed—and in relating it Colonel Palmer refutes the theory that a political purpose lay behind the publication of the book—that Newton went to church attired in a velvet jacket. The boy was a shade too studious, although he escaped condemnation for this sin by his open friendliness and by his delight in argument. Even then his eyes were rather weak. But his parents appear to have been wise, to have believed that their son should have every possible advantage and then follow the career of his choice. Newton Diehl Baker, Senior, had been a trooper in the cavalry regiment commanded by General J. E. B. Stuart and had fought against the North. He had returned to his home, Shepherdstown, West Virginia, when the cause of the South was finally lost and had studied medicine. With his son, as Colonel Palmer tells us, the village doctor read the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* from Aak to Zynn. He took the boy with him in his buggy when he made the rounds of his impecunious patients; they discussed the public questions of the day.

The father and son also talked about the Civil War and the majestic greatness of General Lee. Baker long remembered hearing his father tell of an occasion, the only one on record, when President Jefferson Davis had given Lee a military order. The Confederate general had silently unbuckled his sword and had handed it to the President, who tore up the order and returned the weapon.

"So when I became Secretary of War," Baker remembered, "the idea deep in my childhood recollection was that in military systems the military man is commander-in-chief and that civilian interference with commanders in the field is dangerous."

The son had decided upon a legal career and received his law degree at Washington and Lee after graduation from Hopkins. He began practice in Martinsburg and was surprised to receive a summons from Postmaster General William L. Wilson, whom he had not met, to serve as his private secretary. Baker accepted the post and so became a very minor cog in the second Cleveland administration. He served for a year and then went to Europe on funds which he had saved. On the return voyage he met Martin Foran, a Cleveland lawyer. They played chess together and two years afterwards Foran invited Baker to become his junior partner. In this way began the residence in the Ohio city, to which he has been loyal ever since. So started also his active political career. Both Foran and Baker were Democrats. The young partner met Tom Johnson and the others who were seeking to break the grip of the corporations on the city government. In 1902, during the mayoralty administration of Tom Johnson, Baker became city solicitor.

"Newton D. Baker—America at War" (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

". . . . Though the youngest of us all," Johnson wrote in 1911, "he was really head of the cabinet and principal adviser to us all. . . . He ranks with the best, highest-paid corporation lawyers in ability and has held his public office at a constant personal sacrifice. . . . . He did for the people for love what other lawyers did for corporations for money."

IN 1912 Baker was elected mayor and a second term was given him two years later. Of greater importance, however, was his selection as delegate to the national convention at Baltimore. The delegation was split, but Baker was an enthusiastic advocate for his one-time Johns Hopkins professor. He started the first demonstration for Wilson during an impassioned address against the unit rule. He worked zealously for Wilson's election in the campaign which followed and then resumed his duties as mayor of Cleveland. When the troubled President-elect began the arduous task of selecting the members of his official family he recalled with satisfaction the youthful-appearing Ohio Democrat whose outlook on life and politics seemed so in harmony with his own. Ray Stannard Baker points out that Wilson desired Baker both as private secretary and then as Secretary of the Interior. The mayor of Cleveland was in the midst of responsibilities which could not be laid aside, however. He declined.

The work of Newton D. Baker as Secretary of War, so thoroughly and competently covered in Colonel Palmer's study and in the reminiscences of General Pershing, hardly requires emphasis here. He accepted the post in March, 1916, as the trouble with Mexico was brewing. Although he was well known in the Middle West, Baker had scarcely been heard of by official Washington. It was said that he was a pacifist. He was sometimes guilty of lamentable phrases, such as the "I am an innocent, I do not know anything about this job," uttered during the first few days. Still worse, when the United States entered the war, he expressed gratification that the nation was not prepared. He meant, of course, that we were a peaceful people who had gone in only as a last resort, but the remark was certain to be misinterpreted. He opened himself to attacks by the bellicose Theodore Roosevelt and he made it easier for George Harvey, who by now hated Wilson, to perpetrate the grotesque and unfair caricatures of an incompetent, microscopic "Newtie-

(Continued on Page 51)

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Piety Rules a Negro College

By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH

SEVERAL years ago I gave up a good prospect of advancement in my own line of history and international relations to accept a post as professor of French in a Southern college for Negro girls. A college for boys was near by and I was to give a course or two there also. Because I had been reared as a Frenchman I considered the teaching of Negroes to be neither better nor worse than the teaching of white students. Indeed, it never occurred to me that there could be any question about Negro education as such.

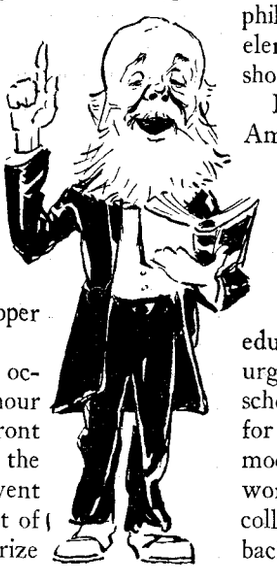
In discussing the post with the president of the college, a white woman from the North, I found she had a strongly sentimental strain regarding the work. The college was a charitable institution, receiving Rockefeller aid, and manned by white Northerners with the help of a few carefully chosen Negroes. Both white and colored teachers lived together in self-segregation. An exception would be made in my case, on account of my family. I was told that the major concern of the faculty was to be the formation of "good Christian character." So began my three years' experience among the students of Negro colleges in the South.

I visualized somewhat vaguely the appearance of a Negro classroom, with its rows of black curly heads, shining teeth, brown or black skins and the harmonious sound of softly slurred words. But on meeting my first class I discovered that ninety-nine per cent of the students were mulattoes, with such strong evidence of racial mixture that even a few blond curls and blue eyes were in evidence. One or two in my class could be classified as black Negroes; no more. As a detached observer, I could view with a great deal of interest the activities of these students, and it was not long before I felt a sense of shock at the educational processes to which they were submitted.

Under the veil of cheerful, missionary maternalism the college exercised an almost prison-like surveillance over its hand-picked students. They were subjected to a system of card-indexing, supervision by secret informers and spying. Education being currently defined as "fitting the individual for life," this was regarded as the proper preparation of young colored women for life in a democracy. They ranged in age from eighteen to twenty-five years, a reasonably mature estate, but they were punished for leaving the campus without permission, forbidden to smoke or dance, and by way of social entertainment sang spirituels to a few white visitors who were attracted by curiosity; or else they were marched on visits to the neighboring boys' college and marched back again. In addition they were required to give an account of their doings and whereabouts each day, subject to the criticism of suspicious "house-mothers" who ruled with iron hands.

The chief effort of the school was directed toward the Christianization and moral training of the students. They were to be weaned as much as possible from the usual religious emotionalism of the Negro and made to approximate the cold theism and spirit-of-heeding-the-"call" which had prompted their white "benefactors." Intelligence and independence were dangerous gifts, which the students must guard against.

THERE were a few intelligent ones. It was a pleasure to initiate them into the fields of literature. They were responsive, eager. The majority, however, were quite unable to understand even the meaning of culture, although some gave fairly good work in the "scientific" courses which required only imitation, memorizing and neat writing of notes. To protect the less favored ones an ingenious system was employed for transferring marks into letters and then back again into figures at the office. By means of this system the student's scholarship and knowledge was "interpreted" in terms of her "good character" and proper religious spirit.



Well do I remember an occasion when more than an hour was consumed in fighting a front attack by the majority of the faculty who wished to prevent the only truly brilliant student of her class from obtaining a prize given for "scholarship" because she had gone out without permission. It was only the fear of public protests that caused some of the less rigorous disciplinarians to relent. Without the "system" it would not have been possible to juggle the pupil's academic standing in the interests of discipline.

Certain courses, as in all colleges, required only memory; and these were made use of to the fullest extent. But even in the others, with one or two exceptions, those who sang spirituels for white visitors and displayed the proper demure righteousness found no difficulty in getting passing grades on examinations. Those who failed to achieve the low minimum required in their studies, and yet had pious ways and harmonious voices, received repeated examinations until they finally managed to achieve a passing grade. The general spirit of the college where I taught gave me the ineradicable impression that I was participating in a kind of a hoax.

Religion was the keynote. The students were to be made religious whatever the cost. Many told me how they resented this interference, but submission and silent assent were the price they must pay for their college education, such as it was. They knew they could not protest. There was a great display of organized righteousness in chapel activities and Y.W.C.A. meetings. Sunday school was compulsory, and this was supplemented by mid-week prayer meetings, daily preaching services, Bible study, all of them compulsory. Cash prizes were given for Bible reading, but for little else. Thus were the pseudo-Africans given a sound Church education, supplemented by courses in cooking and sewing flannelette. Courses in the fine arts, philosophy or science, except elementary, were rare and shoddy.

By such means was Black America imbued with the proper spirit of complacency and religionism. Such training bred mostly hypocrisy; that acquired or inherited trait would be more useful probably than a real higher education. The students are urged to take posts in Negro schools and there is little else for them to do. Raised to a mock equality with a few white women inside the walls of the college, they are soon thrown back to segregation in Negro centers, teaching what little they know to real Negroes whom they do not like. Some students wept as they told me of their despair at such a prospect.

Imagine an architecturally pleasant school, with landscaped grounds better kept than colleges for white students can afford to be, impressive buildings—one can see that such a school would make

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a fine impression on almost all casual visitors. Think of poor Negroes coming from some little settlement or the slums of some large Southern city. Will they not weep with emotion? When their children beg them to take them away from the college they naturally reproach them with ingratitude. The president and other officers of the college keep the parents of their students hypnotized by this vision of millions of dollars' worth of equipment. The white administrators never lost an occasion to show off the green campus and lofty buildings, the expensive microscopes ("one for every student, sir!") and other equipment. But all this showy display cowed the students into a proper state of Negro submission, in which they would not ask for knowledge.

What of the faculty of such a place? On going to my first faculty meeting I was filled with a sense of panic. Such people I had never met before in many years of teaching and travelling. They were, in general, underfed, inefficient and beaten. First there was the timid virgin suffering from a missionary complex, who believed that she was insuring the welfare of her immortal soul by uplifting the poor black man of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, even if she did it only through his mulatto by-product. Then there were a number of withered radicals, suppressed spirits who did not dare mention their radicalism. Lastly there were the inevitable morons, whose learning was a city built on a vacuum, and whose sense of inferiority was compensated for by lording it over the benighted Negroes.

These white teachers were mostly New England women, righteous and strait-laced. They lived on the campus, cut off from all the pleasure of Southern life by this type of isolation, and taking a kind of masochistic delight in the attitude of other whites toward them, which naturally enough was a sort of contemptuous ostracism. The younger and more intelligent members of the staff usually spent one-third of their salaries for sufficient food to supplement their college diet and purchased this off the campus. They were all expressly forbidden to discuss the condition of the college among themselves. All of them functioned chiefly as watchers, chaperons, wardens and preachers.

At faculty meetings there was never any discussion of a single vital problem. Hours were wasted away on prayers and futilities. ("O Lord, we thank Thee for this great opportunity! . . . . ")

The more momentous problems which confronted the intellectual bellwethers of the flock consisted of such things as whether girls who fail in two, three or perhaps five subjects should be dismissed or allowed to remain at college. Students were sometimes dismissed, but first there occurred a long-drawn-out analysis of character, to determine whether the student was fit to remain among the elect. Whatever other qualities the decision might have, it was always Christian-like. The rebel was expelled in a cloud of resentment, shame and reproach. Was she not a deserter of her race (which one?), an ungrateful wretch and a biter of the hand that fed her? Such ingrates were not fit to remain at a Christian Negro institution. There was no argument, no appeal. The hard-shelled Baptist is not amenable to the polite intercourse of reason and ideas. Righteousness can accept no compromise. The dissenter must go.

The majority of students, after some of them rebelled and were eliminnated, were listless, hopeless, unprepared and seriously underfed. Purpose was lost in details and discipline. The library was poorly manned and the selection of books was appalling. Yet it was ample and good enough for the majority of students who cared not at all for better reading facilities. Under conditions like these the lamp of learning gutters and goes out. The students had next to no knowledge of the world of books, neither had they any desire to learn. They labored under the common delusion that the eyes of the philanthropist who endowed the college were upon them, and they suffered from a justified fear that if they did not display a spirit of cheerfulness and gratitude to the white Northerners they would be expelled. The really able students would not stay in the school if not forced by their families. Many have told me so, quite uninvited.

Millions of dollars are wasted every year on this sham education, with the result, at best, that the Negro student has only an unpleasant vacation from home, in an institution where Bible studies and chapel attendance are rated more highly than intellectual freedom and ample food. So long as such schools are run by white missionaries, with their intolerant attitudes, it is incorrect and ridiculous to think that the Negro is getting anything comparable to an education. Statistics may show that large sums are spent on Negro education in the South, but to judge the efficacy of educational institutions by the money spent in their maintenance is a crude error. Recognition by white colleges of such degrees as we were bestowing would be inexcusable if these white colleges were not sorely in need of funds. The annual income of Negro universities amounts to nearly $3,000,000, which is not to be compared to that of white colleges in the North or the West, but most surveys and reports make so much of this that the benevolent and philanthropic whites are lulled into the belief that God's in His heaven, and is doing right by the Negro. As a matter of fact, the white Southerners who abet this system of education by white missionaries from the North are doing it under a mistaken notion that they are helping the Negro race.

Tuskegee, an all-Negro college, and other industrial schools are doing more for the Negro than any similar colleges run by whites. The remedy for the existing bad conditions is for all white women and missionaries to get out of the field of Negro education and leave it to the Negroes themselves. Few educators of true insight believe that the educational institutions of any race can be adequately run by missionary-minded people.

The elimination of the present trustees, to be supplanted by non-sectarian Negro trustees, the centralization of college degree-giving under the educational system of the state, the refusal to recognize any degree not obtained by written and oral examination given under the supervision of a state board of examiners, and the dismissal of all white presidents, teachers and wardens from these institutions, will do more to raise the standards, efficiency and morale of Negro colleges than any other program now under consideration by these teachers and presidents themselves. I do not suggest that this will finally come about, nor that there will be an end to the Negro college hoax in the South. I merely record the disturbing facts and wait for something to happen.

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The Rising Cost of Medical Care

By PAUL L. BENJAMIN

THE sickness experience of the ten-year-old son of an economist epitomizes the situation confronting many families in the United States, particularly those who do not find themselves in the class receiving free care or whose incomes are not of the elastic nature which stretches to meet all needs. This economist lives in a New Jersey suburb of New York City. His son was operated upon for appendicitis last year. Since the boy was in unusually good condition, it was not necessary for him to remain in the hospital more than seven days. Of course, doubling the period of hospital care would have increased the expense. That should be kept in mind in considering the bill of particulars which the father has sent me. The expenses were as follows:

Private room, 7 days	$56.00
Operating room	20.00
Laboratory fees	10.00
Private day nurse, 7 days	56.00
Private night nurse, 7 nights	49.00
Board of special nurses	21.00
Surgeon's charge	200.00
Anæsthetist's charge	25.00
Miscellaneous minor expenses	7.50
	$444.50

"The foregoing summarizes only direct charges," the father writes, "and gives no allowance for numerous indirect charges, such as expenses of traveling to and from the hospital several times each day, bringing of grandmother a long distance at considerable expense to assist in running the household, loss of earning time on part of father, a professional man, or other indirect items which do not lend themselves to estimation."

This problem of medical costs has become so acute, so charged with rancor, bitterness and misunderstanding, so insistent for solution, that both the medical profession and the general public have become aroused to the point of demanding that something be done. What is the quagmire in which we are mired? What is the situation? What are the facts?

In spite of the marked advance of science and medicine, in the past several decades in particular (and there has been remarkable progress), sickness still bears down with crushing weight upon the American public. In the United States people, on the average, are ill at least once a year. In this country are 900,000 persons with mental diseases; 100,000 blind; 700,000 with tuberculosis; 1,000,000 malaria; 3,000,000 school children wholly or partly deaf. A few years ago 4,000,000 in the South were afflicted with hookworm disease. Although that number has been decreased, the toll is still tragic. Some years ago Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University estimated that 42 per cent of all deaths were largely postponable through known preventive measures.

Illness usually strikes unexpectedly and with cataclysmic fury. Most of us have our homes insured against fire. We have insured our automobiles against accident and theft, but not many of us have provided against the hazard of disease. Some one has said that most people can take the small hurdles in life, but few of them can take the high hurdles. Too often illness or an operation is the high hurdle at which we balk. A ditch and catastrophe is the result. The wage earner in particular finds himself in double jeopardy. On the one hand he is confronted with the necessity of paying for medical care, unless he accepts free or charity care or treatment in a public institution at public expense. On the other hand he is faced with the loss of wages; not many industries continue wages during a protracted period of illness.

During the last fifty years, while the population of the United States has been about doubled, hospital beds have increased twentyfold. Fifty years ago the hospital was largely for the indigent and consisted mainly of open wards. Today the hospital somewhat resembles the modern hotel, having, as it does, all gradations of care. Now rich and poor alike turn to the modern hospital for treatment. I recently visited a large hospital in a middle Western city. I found on one floor care being provided for patients sent there by the city at public expense. On another floor I found private rooms with private baths. This hospital provided all types of care between these two extremes. It also had under construction a beautiful new addition to be used entirely for patients of moderate means. Here will be offered at $4 and $5 a day as good care as now given at $17 a day in private rooms. Recent hospital construction generally, as a matter of fact, seems to be pointing more and more in the direction of furnishing care for the patients of moderate means.

The practitioner during this period of flux and change finds himself in a serious dilemma. He is stuck in the gumbo of free and charity work, a sliding scale of prices, and yet his income in most cases is not commensurate with the time and money expended in his education. Then to cap it all, he finds that most of the darts of criticism for the costs of medical care are thrown at him. The economic pressure to earn a living leaves little opportunity for research and study upon his part. Recent studies of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care indicate that in Detroit the average net income of the general practitioner is $4,750 and $3,744 for the general practitioner of Philadelphia. In Philadelphia 28 per cent of the private practitioners are engaged in a complete specialty. As for the old-time family doctor, he is like the toast which the Mad Hatter gave to *Alice in Wonderland*. He is giving way to the specialist.

In rural areas physicians are disappearing. During a recent ten-year period in communities of 1,000 population and less there has been a decrease of over 30 per cent in the number of physicians. Further, the average age at death of a physician in the United States generally is about sixty-two years and that of physicians in rural areas fifty-two years. Recent graduates of medical schools have not been going into the country to practice medicine. If this drift continues during the next few years, one wonders what will be the situation of the farmer, his wife and children when needing medical care.

How about those of us who comprise the great mass of the public and who

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are the patients? If other people are having violet ray treatments or massage or so many vitamin D's, we want them, too. Thus we make excessive demands. We insist that a specialist see us when a good general practitioner might do as well.

What are some of the economic factors in this problem? What is the bill and who pays it? What are some of the results?

Michael M. Davis of the Julius Rosenwald Fund is of the opinion that the annual sickness bill in the United States is approximately $3,000,000,000, averaging about $24 for each individual or something like $100 for the average family. He submits the accompanying table giving the distribution of this stupendous cost. In an article for the *Journal of the American Medical Association* he pointed out that this, however, is not the total cost of illness for this country of ours:

> To get that, we should have to add the annual loss of income actually incurred because of sickness by some forty-five million employed persons and the still larger loss of future earnings due to premature death and diminished efficiency. According to Louis I. Dublin and Homer Folks, these sums would amount to the staggering figure of twelve billion dollars. Our figure of $2,841,000,000 is not what sickness costs in the United States, but only the actual outlay of the people of the country for its care and prevention. The sum may seem large, but it is less than what is reported to be spent annually in this country for candy and tobacco. These trifles appear to cost us three billion dollars.

Let us weigh the cost of living and income which people generally have to meet that cost of living. According to the National Industrial Conference Board, the industrial worker, his wife and two children need $1,616.79 to maintain a fair American standard of living in a middle-sized city in the United States. A study of the costs of living in Cincinnati for a family of five made several years ago "indicates that they need $1,640 a year to meet a satisfactory standard of living." In Middletown, a typical middle-sized city in the United States, $1,921 has been estimated as required for the average American family.

In an article in the *Modern Hospital* Michael M. Davis also submits the following table of incomes of forty-five million persons in the United States who are employed and earning (For his figure he draws upon the data of the National Bureau of Economic Research):

Incomes over $5,000, less than 1,000,000 persons, or 2 per cent.

Incomes $3,000 to $5,000, a little over 2,000,000 persons or 5 per cent.

Incomes $2,000 to $3,000, about 6,000,000 persons, or 14 per cent.

Incomes $1,500 to $2,000, about 18,000,000 persons, or 30 per cent.

Incomes $1,000 to $1,500, about 13,000,000 persons, or 30 per cent.

Incomes less than $1,000, about 6,000,000 persons, or 14 per cent.

"We must picture a great mass of families in the United States, self-supporting on between $1,500 and $2,500 a year," says Mr. Davis. "They are the mass who often are in a predicament because of the high cost of sickness. High school teachers, university professors, young lawyers and five hundred thousand wives of white collar workers hasten to assure us that even though their incomes may be in the $3,000-to-$5,000 group or above, they are in the predicament, too. This middle group belongs in our picture, although we generally tend to think that they are numerically a larger proportion of the self-supporting population than is really the case."

Approximately then, 79 per cent of the individuals in the United States have an income of less than $2,000 a year. How can the elastic band of income stretch to meet the necessities of a minimum budget for a fair American standard? The person of low income is caught in quicksand in such a situation. Indeed, great sectors of our population badly in need of medical attention are not receiving it. Bleecker Marquette, executive secretary of the Public Health Federation of Cincinnati, cites a recent health survey in Philadelphia which indicated that thousands of school children in need of dental care were not receiving it because their parents could not pay the costs. The United States Public Health Service is of the opinion that "in all campaigns for the prevention of disease, poverty has always been the most formidable obstacle." A study also made by the United States Public Health Service of the incidence of influenza among 100,000 persons, indicated that "the lower the income revealed the higher the attack rate."

Many wage earners made real sacrifices to pay for the services they do receive. A study made by the Russell Sage Foundation of wage earners who borrowed from industrial loan companies shows that 28 per cent of them made such loans to pay for medical bills.

Perhaps the most serious consequence of prolonged illness and death is the impact upon family life. There is left the broken family, the slender savings are soon gone; the mother works long hours away from home; an older child may become a substitute mother; the younger children are placed with relatives and friends, who too often give them indifferent supervision; the boys run wild and too often they finally enter the portals of the juvenile courts or the reformatory.

But in the last analysis we all pay to a certain extent the stupendous costs of medical care—whether these be economic or social. The public pays in one way or another for those free beds in hospitals. In studying the work of a large department of public welfare recently, I found that they were spending thousands of dollars annually in relief for indigent families. In commenting on this the director of the department said that "if we could only reduce still further

(Continued on Page 61*)*

ANNUAL COST OF MEDICAL CARE

For physicians in private practice			$624,000,000	22-8/10%
For hospitals and clinics:				
Maintenance	$605,000,000	21%	855,000,000	30%
Annual capital expenses	$250,000,000	9%		
For dentists			228,000,000	8%
For trained nurses			146,000,000	5%
For "practical" nurses			66,000,000	2%
For midwives			6,000,000	2/10%
For non-medical practitioners, "healers" and quacks			125,000,000	4%
For drugs, medicines and appliances			700,000,000	25%
For preventive work			90,000,000	3%
Total			$2,841,000,000	100%

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▸▸ Two-Bit Wheat and Two-Dollar Taxes ◂◂

The Plight of the Kansas Farmer

By EDWARD R. SCHAUFFLER

AT THE end of the war one bushel of wheat paid two dollars' worth of taxes in Kansas. In 1929 a bushel of wheat paid a dollar's worth of taxes. In 1931 a bushel of wheat, at the price paid on the farm, was worth 26 cents, so that it took nearly eight bushels of wheat to pay the amount of taxes that one bushel paid in 1919.

When you consider, in connection with that, the fact that the per capita tax collection in Kansas was $31.60 in 1919 and that this year it will range around $51, you have the explanation of what caused a tax revolt in Kansas, a revolt which started early in August with the suddenness of a tornado and is still going. It has been encouraged by some politicians, undoubtedly. But the thing that has given it temper and point and made it cut like a two-edged sword is the fact that wheat has sold at the ruinously low price of 26 cents a bushel, farmside, and that Kansas farmers, for the first time since Populist days, are acutely and miserably poor. Much of the 1931 Kansas wheat crops was sold by the farmers at that price because they had to have what ready money they could get at any price. October 6 the price of wheat began to crawl up a little following reports that the Russian crop was off and that the Soviet government would be unable to keep its commitments for wheat deliveries without purchasing wheat from other countries. The price continued to improve gradually throughout the month, and the farmers who had been able to hold on to their wheat were lucky. At the end of December cash wheat prices at Kansas City were eight cents above the "low water mark" of October 5, with red wheat quoted at 48 to 54 cents a bushel.

Wheat, of course, is the backbone of Kansas prosperity. Therefore, when wheat strikes the sub-cellar, Kansas realizes the depression is something more than a rash affecting Wall Street and a malady prevalent among stock brokers. It has reached the grass roots. Kansas, with 200,000,000 bushels of wheat, the greatest crop in its history, is distressingly hard up. Its distress is increased by the fact that the oil industry, which in recent years has grown to respectable proportions, also struck rock bottom last summer, making it almost as unprofitable to pump oil as to grow wheat.

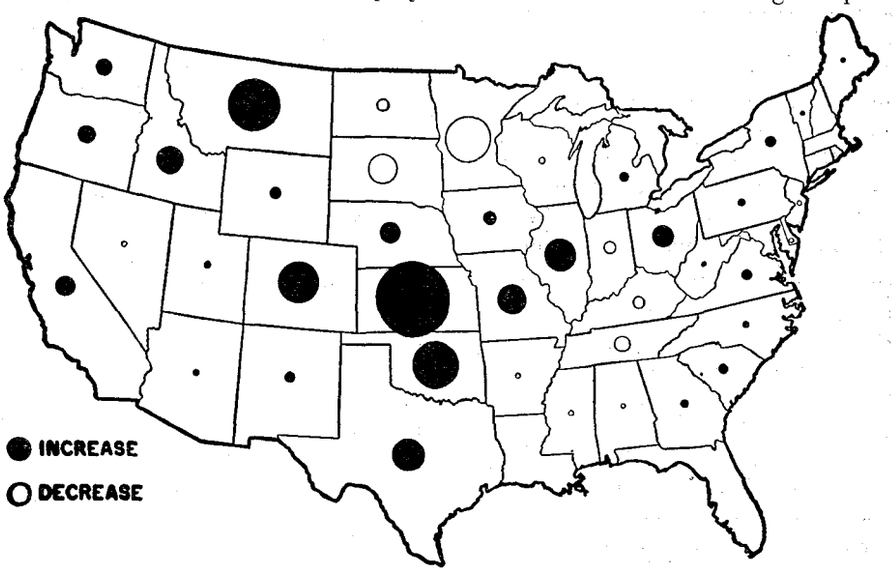
There are many things, of course, besides taxes for which Kansans must trade their wheat and oil. New clothes, new motor cars, new houses, and education for their children are a few of them. A man can get along without a new suit of clothes or make the old car last another year. He may even pare down the amount and quality of education for his children if need be. He can't do that with his taxes. If he doesn't pay them the state will sell his farm.

The Kansas tax revolt started the middle of last summer. About the time county tax commissioners finished framing their tax levies and the state Board of Equalization got through revising the county levies it dawned with unmistakable force upon the farmers of Kansas that their taxes were not going to be appreciably lower and that the price of wheat was likely to be worse rather than better than the low level it had reached then. In October, when much of the wheat had been sold by the growers, there did come a rally that carried wheat up around the fifty-cent level, but by that time it was too late to help many of the farmers.

Before tracing the rise of the present tax revolt, it is worth taking a look at the present political situation in Kansas. In 1930 the state elected a Republican legislature and a Democratic governor, Harry M. Woodring. Kansas wasn't feeling the depression very badly then. The legislature met last winter and was about as liberal with public money as legislatures usually are. There was nothing to indicate that it had ever heard of a depression. There were lots of projects on which Kansas was spending money and the legislature continued to deal it out generously. The state highway department, launched in the administration of the Republican governor who preceded Woodring, was not skimped. There was even an additional appropriation of $100,000 to enable the state public service commission to investigate natural gas rates in Kansas, which caused considerable reverberation in a state where comparatively few people burn gas.

SOON after March 1 the county commissioners, who fix the assessed valuations on which taxes are levied in Kansas counties, announced their figures. Then the grain market began to sink by the head, following the withdrawal of farm board purchases, the announcement that the board would sell its surplus holdings of wheat and the growing realization that the state was going to have a bumper crop of wheat on a bear market, which grew worse with every favorable crop report. But the legislators had gone home by that time and county officials were carrying on with "business as usual" for their watchword.

The rumblings of taxpayer discontent first flared into active thunder and lightning in August in Bourbon county, where Jonathan M. Davis, former Democratic governor of Kansas, headed a group which demanded a downward revision of the tax levy in the county and called upon Governor Woodring to summon a special session of the legislature to reconsider the appropriations it had made last winter in the light of pres-



THE LARGEST BLACK SPOT IS ON KANSAS

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ent hard times, and to slash the salaries of public officials 25 per cent. Bourbon county received some amelioration of its tax levy, but Governor Woodring promptly replied that he would not call the legislature in extra session, declaring that any session would cost a minimum of $25,000 and that it was highly uncertain whether the legislature would do anything to reduce public expenditures.

Former-Governor Davis and his allies countered with the assertion that a special session of the legislature could save $25,000,000 if it wanted to, that it had jolly well better want to, and that what they wanted was a special session, the sooner the better. They kept on shouting that with considerable vigor and the cry soon spread to other counties.

In Brown county Ewing Herbert, veteran Republican editor of Hiawatha, Kan., raised the tax reduction standard and held mass meetings at which, in addition to the cry for a special session, it was proposed that the state levy income taxes and sales taxes, to the exclusion of all direct taxes on real and personal property. The discontented taxpayers agreed also that they wanted a reduction of the state motor car license price to $3 a year. The only county official who appeared at the first meeting was William McGinnes, county commissioner, who asserted that most of the county's financial troubles were the fault of the last legislature, which had passed a law requiring counties to pay bounties on the scalps of gophers, crows and coyotes, whereas formerly only coyotes had required bounty.

Taxpayers in Geary county called for the removal of their county commissioners and didn't get that; tax protest meetings were held all over the state and Governor Woodring's expenditures of state money for a new motor car, for a chauffeur to drive it, and new furnishings for the executive mansion all came under critical eyes.

In Douglas county, in the eastern part of the state, somebody discovered that the petition, on the strength of which the county commissioners appropriated money for a county farm bureau, had been signed by twenty-five persons who were not farmers, as the law required all signers of the petition to be. The county farm bureau, therefore, was lopped off the appropriation list and passed out of the picture for lack of funds.

Harold McGugin of Coffeyville, representative in Congress from the Third Kansas district, raised a cry popular with the harried taxpayers and exceedingly distasteful to holders of public office when he declared that the salaries of all public officials ought to be slashed liberally and at once. He added that that went for congressmen, too, and that he would sponsor Federal legislation to bring it about as soon as Congress convened.

Senator Arthur S. Capper of Topeka, millionaire owner of a daily newspaper in Topeka, another in Kansas City, Kan., and a string of farm papers, fell in line with the idea. He agreed that the pay envelopes of public officials were too fat, considering what farmers' incomes are this year.

Newspapers in Topeka and all over the state began digging up figures on tax totals, the amount of the wheat, corn and oil output of the state in money and what it cost to pay officials, computed in bushels of wheat at 1931 prices. It was pointed out that the chancellor of the state university was receiving the equivalent of 41,666 bushels of wheat as his salary. The governor was getting around 20,000 bushels' worth, where his predecessor of a few years ago got 2,500.

A Topeka paper pointed out that the assessed valuation of farm lands and farm crops in 1931 was far above what they can be sold for and cited figures to prove it. For instance, on August 22 the market price of wheat in Topeka was twenty-four and a half cents a bushel and its assessed valuation on the Shawnee county tax books was forty-two cents. Corn was selling at twenty-three to twenty-nine cents a bushel the same day and was assessed at forty-nine cents.

Neal MacLeod of Jefferson county, a western Kansas landowner, wrote to the Kansas City (Mo.) *Journal-Post*:

"I own one tract of 240 acres that has been valued for taxation at $2,400 above what I will sell it for, and I will pay a commission to the man who sells it."

R. W. Turner, a lawyer who lives in Mankato, Kan., produced a set of figures for farm lands which were sold in Jewell county, Kansas, in the settlement of estates since January 1, 1929. This tabulation compared the figures for which the land was actually sold and its assessed valuation. Here are a few of his examples, selected at random from the list:

Price at which sold	*Assessed Valuation*
$3,666.70	$4,830
2,000	2,905
850	2,540
5,346	6,860
4,000	5,600

W. G. Clugston of Topeka, newspaper correspondent, produced from the records of the state capitol a startling comparison of taxation figures and yields of the state's principal products. He figured the total of state and local taxation in Kansas this year, direct and indirect, at $110,000,000. That included the sales tax on gasoline, motor car license fees, oil and grain inspection fees, cigarette sales tax and a state driver's license fee required from all Kansas motorists. Striking an average of Federal income tax yields in Kansas for the last four years, he added another $17,000,000 in Federal taxes that residents of the state would be called upon to pay, making a total burden for the year of $127,000,000.

Then he estimated the Kansas wheat crop—200,000,000 bushels, selling at between 25 and 30 cents a bushel, would yield a trifle over $50,000,000. The money value of the corn crop of the state was placed at $30,000,000; the petroleum yield at $18,000,000; oats, $9,000,000; potatoes, $2,000,000; coal, $7,000,000; lead and zinc, $6,000,000. The total comes to $122,000,000, which is $5,000,000 less than the total tax bill.

In October a mass meeting of taxpayers from all parts of Kansas was held in the hall of the house of representatives in the Kansas Capitol at Topeka. It listened to oratory from Jonathan Davis, editor Herbert of Hiawatha and Donald Muir, once a Democratic gubernatorial aspirant. It heard Governor Woodring explain that he had done the best he could, that he had reduced the state levy a little, and that he wouldn't call the legislature in special session, much as he sympathized with the taxpayers, unless he was assured in advance by members of the legislature that they had a definite program of economy to enact. This assurance, he said, he had so far been unable to get.

Then the mass meeting voted that what it wanted was a special session of the legislature, anyhow, and that it wanted it in time to reduce taxes due in December, 1931. Ex-Governor Davis, who comes as near being the father of the tax revolt as anybody, though it has had a lot of interested foster fathers, then told Governor Woodring that if

(Continued on Page 61)

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The Dark Horse of Democracy

(Continued from Page 44)

Cootie" Baker lost in a gigantic chair. In so far as the great task he accomplished is concerned, it is enough to point to the Pershing and Palmer books and the reception they have received. In so far as Baker is concerned, it is enough to point out that he was never afraid of responsibility and he took upon his own shoulders the storm of protest which arose when Roosevelt and General Leonard Wood were denied an opportunity to go to France. One may criticize the manner in which the cases of Roosevelt and Wood were handled. It would seem, in retrospect, that these two Americans might have been more suavely, even more fairly, handled. But history will record the decisions as just; neither belonged in France.

IF THE war years emphasized certain faults in Baker's character, they revealed virtues far more important. He was wise, kindly and efficient. He gave Pershing a free hand in France. He demonstrated the amazing capacity for work which has so signally marked his career. There is something pleasantly amusing in the picture of this quiet little man surrounded by the panoply of war and remaining the acquisitive intellectual in the midst of all the din. The day began at 8 o'clock and ended at midnight. Service in the trenches was preferred by many a young officer to the exhaustion of assisting the Secretary of War. He was not content with knowing the main levers of the war machine; he insisted on familiarizing himself with every bolt and screw; and he did. Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, then his aide and now vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company, is still overcome by a nostalgic weariness when he remembers the voyage to France which Baker made. They had been at sea for a day or two when one afternoon the Secretary of War told Ayres that he would like to know what made the waves break in their peculiar curling manner at the prow; would he ask one of the engineers? He was also desirous of learning the exact powder charge used in a particular artillery piece and why this was the best. When Ayres came back after gathering this information Baker mentioned a rather erudite work on international affairs. Had the Colonel yet read it? It would be interesting, he said, to discuss it the next morning at breakfast. Ayres had not, and he spent most of the night doing so.

All the while Baker maintained that outward calm which has proved irritating at times even to his best friends. The wonder is that Baker did not burn out under the strain, for one torment never ceased. This was the endless casualty list. The suspense was most terrible, perhaps, during the movements of the first transports carrying American troops. No one knew how successful the convoy system would prove; the sinking of a troopship would be a fearful blow. The threat of it hung like a sword over the War Department. One night as Baker worked in his office a cable came saying that a ship had gone down. No mention was made of the losses; it was not clear whether the vessel had been proceeding toward France from a Channel port or had discharged its troops and was bound west. For almost two hours Baker waited, gripping the arms of his chair until the knuckles of his hands were white. Finally word came that the ship was virtually empty; few lives had been lost.

The pressure lightened when the war had been won. Baker was busy with the problems of demobilization, but he had time to ponder his own future. Ever since 1902, when he had become city solicitor for Cleveland, he had given his time to the public. He had driven his own small car through the streets of Washington while War Secretary. His law associates in Cleveland had shared the earnings of the firm with him but he was a poor man when on March 4, 1921, the Wilson Administration passed into history and Baker became a private citizen once more. The letters which he wrote at the time, published by Colonel Palmer, reveal that Baker was far from the humorless individual conceived by the public. A few days after leaving office he was facing the mazes of an income tax return.

"I have read the thing through twice," he wrote to a friend. "It certainly is not poetry, for it does not rhyme; and it certainly is not prose, since it conveys no ideas. What language *is* it in?"

He longed for the quiet of life at home; "a roof to keep out the rain, a few more windows to lock at night, and an additional dozen frail porcelain gods and goddesses which my romping babies may break!" "The earth," he added, "is a large, round joyous place with peaks near home and certain dreary flat surfaces in and about all public offices."

By now he has lived on the peaks for twelve years, only occasionally venturing close to the plateaus of public life. The law connections established in Cleveland, together with his abilities as an attorney, have brought Newton Baker a wide and lucrative practice. He has earned a competence and is today a man of moderate wealth. Two of his children, the son and the older daughter, are married; a younger daughter is away at college. Baker would seem to have found contentment in a rather scholarly existence, with occasional Sunday afternoons during which intimate friends gather for long discussions of books or music or current affairs. He has had the great satisfaction of watching the prejudices and the unfair estimates of the war days fade. It seems clear, however, that the "flat surfaces in and about all public offices" are not entirely dreary after all. Baker emerged to speak in June, 1924, at the Democratic national convention in behalf of a minority plank which called for a referendum on entry into the League of Nations. It was an amazing, hurried, eloquent address, wholly extemporaneous, and at its conclusion Baker received an ovation.

"There is no subject on earth, apart from my relations to my God and to my family," he said, "which compares remotely with me with the League of Nations. . . . The man who ought to be pleading this cause is dead and lies in consecrated ground. . . . I am not

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Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of January 16, 1952

The biography of John B. Jones, the chain drugstore magnate, in the January, 1952, issue of *Fortuna*, records the fact that Mr. Jones attended the Metroburg School of Pharmacy, majored in sandwiches and received his degree in 1933.

The Eugene O'Neill estate has consented to the production of "Mourning Becomes Electra"—which has not been seen on any stage since 1932—in abbreviated form. Five road companies are rehearsing the play, whose performances will run from eight-forty to eleven o'clock.

"In another ten years the United States should be completely independent of imported products," said the Secretary of Commerce in a radinterview Monday, "thanks to such thriving industries as the banana groves of Florida, the mahogany forests of the Dakotas and the scores of chemical factories producing synthetic rubber at a low cost."

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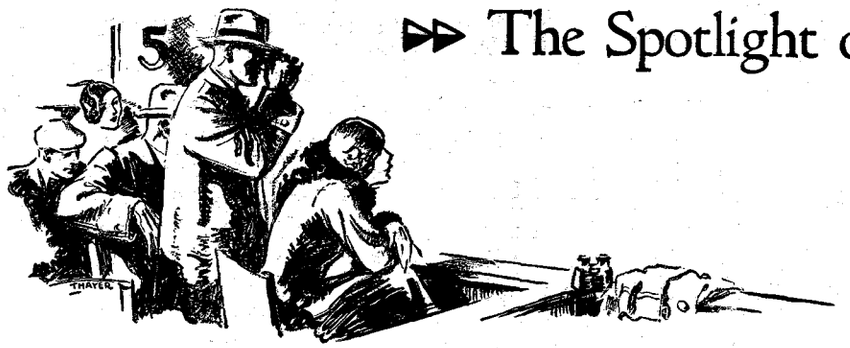
The Spotlight on Sports



Victory for the West

HATS OFF, football fans, to Southern fire! That indefinable something which the French call *verve* seems to be an unfailing attribute of the Dixie football player.

Take those Tulane boys, for example. Beaten 21 to 12 by Southern California in the Rose Bowl match, they outfought and outcharged their more powerful adversaries most of the way but couldn't convert their greater yardage into scoreboard figures.

Tulane had a pronounced edge in statistics, as witness these figures: Yards gained by rushing—Tulane 265, U.S.C. 190; yards gained by passing—Tulane 45, U.S.C. 24; first downs—Tulane 16, U.S.C. 7. Unfortunately for the New Orleans delegation at Pasadena, they pay off on the score, not on first downs or yardage gained. The Trojans cashed all three of their scoring opportunities at the touchdown bank. That's characteristic of a "money team," the term being used in its psychological rather than its mercenary sense.

Embattled Benedicts

DISINTERESTED CRITICS were convinced that Southern California had gone stale after its 60-0 landslide against Georgia. The Trojans went through their assignments in perfunctory fashion. They appeared fed up on football and well they might. They lacked the zip and flame which the green-jerseyed Tulane boys exuded. Class told, yet Dixie *élan* might have prevailed had the gods been kinder. That 21 to 12 score is deceiving. Excluding the missed extra points, U.S.C. had only one touchdown to spare and that developed out of a fumble by Don Zimmerman, Tulane's flashy halfback.

All three Southern California touchdowns were scored on reverse plays over the "short side of an unbalanced line." For the uninitiated we hasten to add that there is no psychiatric significance in that term. The Trojans are sane enough; it merely means that they line up with two men on one side of center and four players on the other flank.

Ernie Pinckert, born of Alsatian parents, scored the last two Trojan touchdowns on a short-side reverse. Employed primarily as a blocker, Pinckert never gets a chance to carry the ball himself except on this crisscross play. There was a kind of poetic justice in the fact that the unselfish chap who had sacrificed personal ambition for three seasons in order to clear a path for his fellow ball-carriers should have been fated to win the last game of his career via two clean-cut touchdown sprints.

Incidentally, "All-America" Pinckert, with "All-America" guard Johnny Baker running interference, went right over "All-America" end Jerry Dalrymple's position on those two goal-line dashes. To employ the picturesque argot of the gridiron, "Dalrymple was knocked for a row of Chinese pagodas." Aside from those two excusable lapses, Dalrymple played a whale of a game. His spectacular catch of a Tulane pass which caromed off the heads of two Trojans led to the second.

Pinckert's two bombshells were exploded within two minutes of each other. Both runs covered over twenty-five yards. Ernie is an interesting character. This twenty-three-year-old prospective architect has been married five years. His wife keeps house for him in a bungalow near the campus. The living room is furnished with chairs and tables fashioned by Pinckert's own hands. He has a flair for artistic craftsmanship which in Colonial times might have marked him as a promising apprentice to such cabinet makers as Duncan Phyffe and Thomas Sheraton. In this commercial era, however, Ernie will probably elect to earn his living as a cartoonist—a form of art at which he reveals promise. His humorous drawings have frequently lampooned the Trojan coaches and the almost religious fervor which characterizes football in California.

Pinckert was not the only benedict in the Rose Bowl melée. Nollie Felts, Tulane fullback, is not only married but the father of several prospective line-crashers. His teammates call him "Papa." Sires seem to be preferred as smashing fullbacks down in Dixie. A few years ago "Father" Lumpkin added a lethal punch to Georgia Tech's attack. He too played in the Rose Bowl. Maturity counts heavily in football.

Academic English

PRESIDENT KLEINSCHMIDT of the University of Southern California delivered the introductory address via radio. Unlike the Notre Dame coach, he didn't refer to the combatants as "them teams," but he did cause visiting grammarians qualms by saying, "May the best team win." He may get a reprimand from that finicky lexicographer, Frank Vizitelly.

Ingratitude at Yale

BENNY FRIEDMAN is somewhat disgruntled. He says that it cost him over $5000 to coach the Yale backfield last fall and that the New Haven authorities didn't even say "thank you, Benny" when they failed to reëngage him for next season. Friedman, it seems, renounced vaudeville offers and other profitable perquisites in order not to offend the squeamish susceptibilities of the Yale athletic heads.

Appreciated or not, Friedman did a fine job at New Haven. He revamped Yale's archaic theory of generalship and taught the quarterbacks how to think under fire. He showed Joe Crowley how to throw his massive shoulder into a block. He tutored Bob Lassiter to keep his head up instead of down, so as to spot a broken field rift. He introduced "bull pen work"—a method of giving squad instructions via small tactical units, such as a back and end working together against a defensive tackle, etc. He originated the kickoff-return formation which netted Yale touchdowns against Dartmouth, Army and Princeton, each on a run of over ninety yards. Incidentally, this maneuver is not a flying wedge, despite an erroneous claim to the contrary. It is based on man-to-man diagonal blocking, the theory being that it is easier to sideswipe an opponent than to flatten him by a head-on block. He devised a parry for Harvard's pet middle-alley pass, thus checkmating Barry Wood's best weapon.

All this and more Benny Friedman did for Yale, but as he says: "I didn't

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realize before what it meant to be a Jew." In departing, Benny bequeathed to Yale a new psychology wherein Harvard's football prowess is respected but not revered. Friedman's last-minute advice to his quarterback at the start of the Harvard game sums up the changed viewpoint: "Forget you're a Yale man, kid, and use your bean!"

Sad Story

As LONG as colleges depend on football for the revenue to finance athletic and physical education programs, it will be difficult to stop proselyting by coaches and old grads. In this connection I heard an entertaining yarn the other day.

Before a game in which his pupils were to meet their traditional rivals, this coach, wearing a regulation uniform, amused himself by dropkicking field goals. His performance impressed the representative of a big university who happened to be scouting for prospects.

Approaching the young coach, the scout said: "Sonny, when do you get through at this school?" "I'll be out in February," replied the coach. He spoke the truth, for his contract expired at midseason. "Fine," replied the scout, "how'd you like to play football at Kingston University? We can use a drop kicker like you." The coach thought he'd have some fun with his would-be patron. "I'm afraid I couldn't get in," he answered, "You see I've played professional baseball for several years—I pitched in the Piedmont League."

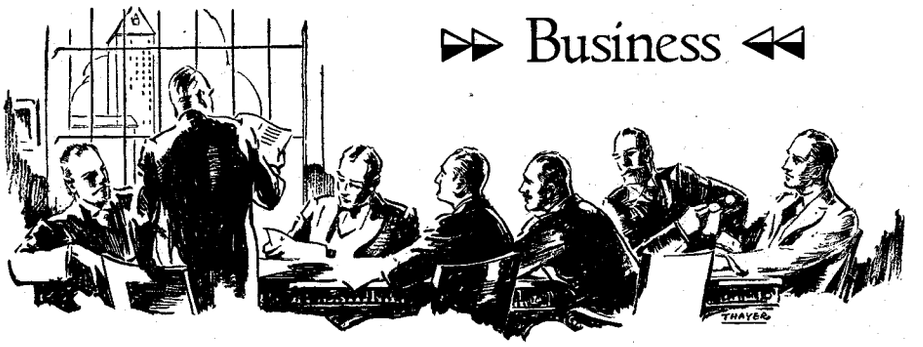
"Swell!" retorted the scout unabashed, "we need a good right-hander."

One Dixie halfback told the writer with obvious pride: "If you think we were good this year, just wait till next October! We spent fifty thousand dollars to get schoolboy players. Our freshman team used to lick us every day in practice. Those birds ought to be good at that price!"

Profitable Venture

TRUTH is stranger than fiction. A wealthy alumnus of a certain Southern college recently underwrote the cost of a new stadium, financed it out of his own pocket and, in return, took a lien on the gate receipts for a span of years. The venture proved to be so profitable that the officers of the college got together last September and "bought back" their own stadium. It pays to be a benefactor when football is the beneficiary.

GEORGE TREVOR.



Business

The Wake

GIVING poor old 1931 a decent burial was the chief occupation of business during the past week. Honoring the principle of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, the mourners had little to say about the departed, devoting their attention entirely to the funeral baked meats and the potations provided therewith.

The best that can be said about the old gentleman's successor is that everybody hopes he will come to a better end. His takeoff from the starting line was certainly nothing to brag about. As he left, the mark car loadings were down, steel at 20 per cent of capacity and automobile manufacture clinging to a hope rather than to an assurance of improvement. At the moment, oil appears to show a firmer tone than most of the other basic industries. Daily average gross production of crude registered another decline, due chiefly to the movement in favor of Sunday shut-downs. The result was almost immediately reflected in a stiffening of prices for gasoline.

Several of the railroads announced wage cuts, but that factor will not have much effect on general business until the brotherhoods and the operators have finished their negotiations and announced the results.

Our statement of last week in regard to holiday trade throughout the country is confirmed by additional reports just received. Unit sales in most of the important markets compare very favorably with those of last year. Many department stores have reduced their inventories to a point where restocking is now necessary. That means business for both wholesalers and manufacturers, and it certainly is about time for some good news to come their way.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926=100) December 31—66.3.

CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.) Week ended December 19—581,733 cars (reduction of 31,801 under preceding week and of 132,132 under same week of 1930).

STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION Week ended December 26—20% of capacity (reduction of 4% under preceding week and of 4% under same week of 1930).

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION Week ended December 26—daily average gross 2,292,900 barrels (reduction of 137,400 under preceding week; increase of 166,150 over same week of 1930).

BANK CLEARINGS (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended December 31—$6,706,341,000 (reduction of 5.5% under preceding week and of 13.2% under same week of 1930).

FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended December 31—612 (increase of 49 over preceding week and of 70 over same week of 1930).

A Power Receivership

INVESTORS in gas and electricity enterprises have had, on the whole, fairly good fortune during the past few years. They may have had their dividends reduced and the book value of their holdings may have shown a shrinkage, but comparatively few of them have had to face such a hard, uncompromising fact as insolvency.

That, however, is just the predicament of a group of these investors now. The courts of Delaware have appointed receivers for the American Commonwealths Power Corporation, a $200,000,000 public utilities group, and for its principal subsidiary, the American Community Power Corporation of Grand Rapids, Michigan. The Grand Rapids company has assets of about $69,000,000 and serves 273 communities in the Western and Southwestern states with gas and electricity. The largest cities involved are Minneapolis, Jacksonville, Savannah and Birmingham.

New York investors have a stake in the matter, as the United States and International Corporation, an investment company sponsored by Dillon,

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Read & Co., has made advances totaling $3,000,000 to the American Commonwealths Power Corporation. It has been announced that the U. S. and I. organization has not disposed of any part of the collateral which it holds against these advances, and that neither the company nor its bankers took any part in the proceedings which led to the receivership.

An unconfirmed report has it that Frank T. Hulswit, president of American Commonwealth Power, will try to reorganize the company under a revised capital structure. In any event it is to be hoped that the enterprise can be brought out of its difficulties without serious loss to the shareholders. The utilities groups represent, under ordinary conditions, one of the soundest forms of investment, and disaster to an outstanding group would be very likely to react unfavorably on other types of business enterprises.

Everybody Walked

TO THE CONGRATULATIONS we have already offered the cellophane industry and the wholesale druggists for increased production and reduced costs, respectively, during 1931, we take real pleasure in adding a bow to the footwear manufacturers. They actually chalked up a 3 per cent gain.

During 1930 the industry produced 304,170,000 pairs of shoes. The total for 1931 was close to 315,000,000 pairs. As was the case with clothing, Father did not wear more—but he paid for more. The increased production was mainly in shoes for boys and girls and in miscellaneous types of footwear. In general, the people of the United States seem to have been wearing out considerably more shoe leather in 1931 than they did in 1930.

Shoe manufacture may be classed as a hazardous occupation, even in prosperous times. Overproduction, due chiefly to overequipment, has brought about a condition of desperately severe competition. Export trade has, of course, fallen off substantially. Add to this the sudden and sweeping style changes, particularly in women's footwear, and the demands for new and strange leathers, and you have a combination of problems to challenge the abilities of even the most resourceful manufacturer.

New England and St. Louis should be proud, for the shoe manufacturers have achieved what every other industry sorely needs—an effective correlation between production and sales.

FRANK A. FALL.

"AMERICA Comes of Age" is what the learned Frenchman, André Siegfried, called a recent volume of observations about us. Well, what with Prohibition, the "Fighting Irish," the stock market and the glorification of the American Girl all being taken in such dull and deadly earnest, a few of us, at any rate, have thought that M. Siegfried was perhaps kidding us along a bit. That is still a tenable hypothesis, but finally there *has* appeared in these United States an indubitable harbinger of our spiritual majority. It is a musical comedy which holds up to uproarious ridicule our political rulers without ever ceasing to be good-natured about it all while it continues to be apt and penetrating. *Of Thee I Sing* is what they call it and it is difficult indeed to single out anybody for special praise from the numerous collaborators, all of whom have done their jobs supremely well. England has had her Gilbert and Sullivan, Germany her Fritz Gruenbaum and France her Rip, but we have had to wait a long time for George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind to get together with the Gershwins, George and Ira, to give us something fit to be compared with anybody's best in the field of broad musical satire. Many cooks have only helped the flavor of this broth, because Jo Mielziner's settings, Russell Bennett's and William Daly's orchestrations and the band in the pit under the direction of Charles Previn must also be heartily praised.

Of Thee I Sing makes fun not only of politics but of the inevitable musical comedy formula as well. John P. Wintergreen has been nominated for President. As a campaign issue his managers select LOVE and the winner of a beauty contest is to be Miss President and be proposed to in all forty-eight states of the Union. She will accept him and Love will sweep the country. But Wintergreen actually falls in love with a girl not in the trumped-up contest and is triumphantly elected with her as his consort. Here, however, the Menace enters in the person of the winner of the contest, who sues for breach of promise, which results in demands for his impeachment. His wife, however, saves the day by announcing that she is to become a MOTHER and, as no expectant father has ever been impeached, the menace is thwarted and, in a marvellously exaggerated burlesque musical comedy ending, she is mollified by being given the Vice-President to marry instead.

The casting of this gorgeous riot of foolery is no less felicitous than the writing and staging. William Gaxton as the President is very Jimmy Walker—which is intended to be complimentary to the former as a musical comedy actor—and Victor Moore, the Vice-President to whom nobody pays any attention, couldn't possibly be funnier, more appealing or pathetic. Lois Moran, the beautiful movie actress, is as lovely as ever in the part of "Mrs. Prexy," and reveals an ability to put over the words of her songs which ingénues twice her age rarely possess. The above three are what might be called the principal principals, but they are by no means the whole show so far as personalities are concerned. There are at least twenty

(Continued on Page 59)

Recommended Shows

BRIEF MOMENT: Amusingly conversational comedy. Francine Larrimore and A. Woollcott.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW: An East Side boy's rise and near fall, told by Elmer Rice.

CYNARA: Differentiating between love and a passing fancy.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS: Rowdy revue in the best Broadway manner.

LOUDER, PLEASE: Farce about movie exploitation.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA: Brilliant acting in O'Neill's lengthy melodrama.

REUNION IN VIENNA: The Lunts in a witty farce in the Continental mode.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY: Leslie Banks and Nigel Bruce being brilliantly rude to each other.

THE BAND WAGON: Last week of the smart revue with the Astaires.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET: Approaching a solid year for this success of Katharine Cornell's.

THE BRIDE THE SUN SHINES ON: Will Cotton turns to farce with considerable success.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE: Nice to look at and listen to, if you don't insist on laughing, too.

THE GOOD FAIRY: Typical Molnar acted as it should be by Helen Hayes and Walter Connelly.

THE LAUGH PARADE: I hear there are those who don't like Ed Wynn. I pity them.

THE LEFT BANK: Elmer Rice looks at Americans who live in Paris.

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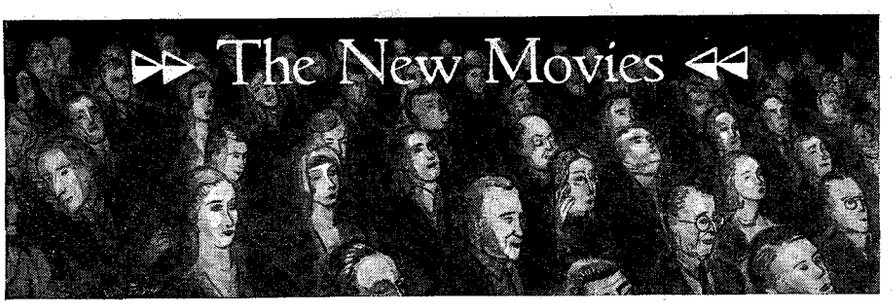

"*Mata Hari*"

SECRET diplomacy may not seem attractive to American statesmen, but I am sure that if they realized it involved endless midnight suppers with Greta Garbo they would change their opinions in a flash. *Mata Hari*, as you must know, was an exotically beautiful spy, who worked by fits and starts for Germany, France and Russia. She dallied with generals and statesmen, breaking their hearts with one hand and sneaking away their secret documents with the other. Some said she was Javenese, others that she was Dutch. At any rate she caused a terrific amount of damage and furnished enough rumors to motivate a thousand movies.

In the film *Mata Hari*, we see the great Garbo—who has never been so alluring—and her confederates (Lionel Barrymore, Ramon Novarro and Lewis Stone) in Paris shuttling in and out of embassies, secret apartments and palaces, referring cryptically to each other as "B-5," "F-14," or "L-3," and otherwise behaving as genuine grade A-1 spies *should* behave.

Viewed critically, *Mata Hari* is simply a gorgeously mounted and unusually well-acted old spy melodrama. Although it fairly knocks your eye out with glittering costumes and stage sets, and although it holds your attention as few films do these days, it is not so strong on story or sense. *Mata Hari* is interesting, of course, because of Greta Garbo, *the* Greta Garbo. Never, I think, has she been either as stunning or as believable an actress as in this film. Surprisingly enough she has melted a little. No longer is she merely a tall, ungainly and incredibly beautiful Swedish girl, whose "charm" was due chiefly to her strangeness. Without losing any of her peculiar and individual fascination, she is acquiring a warmth and emotional glow of which I, for one, never suspected her. Without becoming actually "attainable," she has come just near enough to earth for us poor commonplace mortals to get a good sharp look . . . . and she holds up under it surprisingly well. All of which should prove that her ability as an actress and her extraordinary fascination are far above and superior to any such petty device as mere aloofness.

"*Delicious*"

Oh girlth, girlth, thupwise, thupwise! 'Ittle bitsie Janet Gaynor and her gweat big hewo Charlie Fawell (Farrell to you!) are out in a new talkie called *Delicious* (but sung "dah-lish-hee-ous"). Oh, my goodneth, my goodneth, girlth! What thweetness, what cuteneth, what womanth! What a twemulouth upper lip, what tharp 'ittle eyes and what a cute minxy manner! You see, Janet is a little Scotch emigrant girl named *Heather* with a plaid kiltie and a tam o' shanter. She is in the steerage, but up in first class is a polo-playing millionaire who is being pursued by one of those howid, howid thothiety girlth. First thing you know womance is oozing all over the place, and after an episode in which Janet gets into a peasant costume and dances in a Russian night club in New York, the catty society girl is given the air and true love wins the day. George Gershwin is said to have written the music involved, but you'd never know it. The first week some 1,000,000,000 people stood in line to see *Delicious*. Civilization hasn't had such a setback since the Dark Ages.

Worth Seeing

AROUND THE WORLD WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: Your old friend Doug takes you to China, Japan and Siam—and home on his magic carpet.
ARROWSMITH: Sinclair Lewis' fine novel done into an honest and surprisingly interesting movie.
THE CHAMP: Wallace Beery and that little Jackie Cooper give two fine performances.
HELL DIVERS: Wallace Beery again, also Clark Gable, the U. S. Navy, and some superb air pictures.
PRIVATE LIVES: Noel Coward's lively and amusing chatter tossed about by Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery.
SOOKY: A successor to *Skippy*—the same story all over again, but still lots of fun.
TONIGHT OR NEVER: Gloria Swanson as an opera singer on the warpath for a lover. Amusing.

TO SCARE BABY

FRANKENSTEIN: Mrs. P. B. Shelley's old thriller, shoddily done.
DR. JEYKLL AND MR. HYDE: Frederic March jumping about with a "horrible" makeup.

"*Peach o' Reno*"

Wheeler and Woolsey have never seemed to me particularly successful in their comic efforts, but *Peach o' Reno* has an element of satire which makes it about the best thing they have done. The scene is Reno, home of the divorce industry, and our heroes are at the head of a firm of high-pressure divorce lawyers. Their busses and uniformed attendants meet all the trains, and at night their office turns into a night club to keep the clients happy. The courtroom scene, in which the jury turns out to be a jazz band, is a nice travesty, not only on real trials but on courtroom movies.

"*Ladies of the Big House*"

Those Hollywood "story conferences" we have heard about in which a score or more of "great minds" descend on some unfortunate writer's story and rebuild it according to the blueprints for a Chinese puzzle, appear to be painful realities. *Ladies of the Big House* may have had a good idea at one time, but now it is as silly, illogical and amateurish a bit of construction as you may encounter. Sylvia Sidney and her husband are "framed" and sent to the penitentiary, he to be hung and she to serve a life term. After a long, long session in the neighborhood of the death house they are rescued by a scantily explained reprieve. Miss Sidney deserves a better break.

"*How Burke Was Captured*"

From Chicago comes news of a locally-made film titled *How Burke Was Captured*, which seems to bear a resemblance to those American folk ballads you can get on phonograph records (such as *The Prisoner's Song*, *In the Baggage Car Ahead*, *St. James Infirmary*, *The Death of Floyd Collins*).

I have not seen *How Burke Was Captured*, which will probably never get out of Missouri, Michigan and Illinois, where Fred Burke did the bad deeds which got him attention and brought out the sheriff, but I understand it is very crudely done. Nevertheless it seems worth mentioning, for all the original participants in the chase (excepting the unlucky Mr. Burke) appear in this reenactment. Whatever dainty qualms you or I may have on such matters, it must be admitted that the man-hunt has a tremendous hold on the American imagination. This film, produced by amateurs, may be the forerunner of a sort of folk-cinema, if I may be forgiven the term. CREIGHTON PEET.

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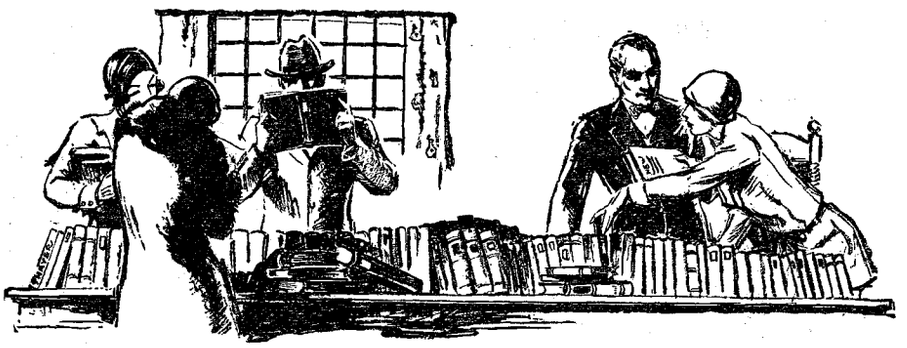
The New Books



The Week's Reading

The Weather Tree
By Maristan Chapman
Viking, $2.50

To the abandoned coal workings in the hills above Glen Hazard came the new owner, Lynn Clayton, with a scheme for building a model town on the hilltop and improving the lives of the natives. The story of his love for Thelma Lane, who with her brother, Chad, lived on a farm near the mine, and of the silent hostility of the mountain folk, whose tranquil lives and settled ways were endangered by the threat of a commercialism they neither understood nor admired, is written in the charming style familiar to readers of Maristan Chapman's previous books—the slow, smooth, somewhat archaic mountain dialect. Perhaps if Clayton had been a little less of a fool, the conflict between the two points of view might have been more clearly presented. The case for the mountaineers is good enough to stand up against something better than the straw man which the story provides. But such a criticism is rather beside the point, for the story itself is not as important as the telling of it—and it is beautifully told. Maristan Chapman, by the way, is two people—Mary and John Stanton Chapman. The book is the January choice of the Book League of America.

Swiss Family Manhattan
By Christopher Morley
Doubleday, $2.50

An entertaining fantasy chronicling the adventures that befell a Swiss filing clerk, his wife Gretchen and his sons Fritz and Otto, when the airship in which they were taking a week-end cruise was lost in a gale. They were blown against the mooring mast of the unfinished Empire State Building, where for a time they camped not knowing where they were nor daring to descend. At last the father goes down into the streets to explore, meets a girl named Gazelle, visits speakeasies and penthouses and finally goes on a lecture tour, on his return from which he finds his family running a speakeasy. Mr. Morley does this sort of thing very well. And it is always a popular theme—the man from Mars, whose naïve comments on our civilization are supposed to shock you into seeing them as they really are. Not that Mr. Morley has any such axe to grind. He is too conscientious a literary artist for that. And so there is happily no moral to this pleasant little tale.

Recaptured
By Colette
Doubleday Doran, $2.50

Slight in plot, this is another of Colette's delicate studies in emotion. It is a continuation of the story of Renée, "The Vagabond," who now having inherited enough money to retire, and who, disillusioned by an unhappy marriage and an unsatisfactory love affair, feels that she has put love behind her for good. Restless and bored, she meets Jean and her emotions are recaptured. Perhaps the best of the stories of this typically French author which have so far been translated.

The Emotional Discovery of America
By Stuart P. Sherman
Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50

American letters suffered a great loss with the accidental death of Stuart Sherman a few years ago, as this last volume of his essays bears full witness. First a teacher, then a journalist concerned chiefly with literary matters, his conception of the function of literature has a depth and breadth that are seldom found, and make one wonder what, after all, most of these writers—excluding the propagandists and the prosemongers—really feel that they are driving at. This conception appears in the title piece, wherein he first observes that the "semi-priestly function" of handing on the torch "has a certain tendency to fall into the hands of antiquarians; and when this happens, what is transmitted is not the flaming torch but the cold candelabrum, which is rather an impediment than an inspiration to the runner; and then goes on to consider several torchbearers, particularly Thoreau, Emerson and Whitman, who, bent on reporting the truth as they see and feel it, are "always provoking men to a sort of celestial arson." Sherman had the gift of being able to brush aside the non-essentials, and thus to simplify the questions that he considers. In this collection are papers on Godwin, Stevenson, James, Gosse, Carlyle and others.

A History of Smoking
By Count Corti
Harcourt Brace, $3.50

An anecdotal history of this vicious habit, tracing its development from its beginnings among the Mayas to the present, with many very interesting illustrations. Regarding tobacco itself, however—its various types, the scientific researches into its effects and so on—the book has nothing to say, so that it is rather like a history of wine which should never mention the difference between white and red, never once mention sherry, madeira or moselle. The anecdotes, however, are amusing—one in particular concerning a diplomatic meeting at Frankfurt when Bismarck, by lighting a cigar, threw the other ambassadors into consternation, so that they had to write solemnly home for instructions.

This Was England
By Alan Bott
Doubleday Doran, $3.50

A panorama of the reign of Victoria made up of pictures taken from the illustrated magazines of the period, with chapters of entertaining comment on the various subdivisions—Manners and Morals, The Rise of Woman, State Occasions, Empire Occasions, Fights for the Flag, Classes and Masses, International Occasions, Eng-

What to Read

FICTION

The Weather Tree, by Maristan Chapman: Viking. Another story of the Tennessee mountains by the author of The Happy Mountains.

Maid in Waiting, by John Galsworthy: Scribners. A quiet drama of English life. Readers of Mr. Galsworthy's Forsyte chronicles will find a few old friends.

The Almond Tree, by Grace Zaring Stone: Bobbs, Merrill. The story of three sisters.

Westward Passage, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. On a transatlantic steamer a happily married woman falls in love again with her divorced husband.

The Fatal Five Minutes, by R. A. J. Walling: Morrow. Credible, exciting and well written detective story.

NON-FICTION

Life and Letters, Woodrow Wilson, by Ray Stannard Baker: Doubleday. Third and fourth volumes of the official biography.

Theodore Roosevelt, A Biography, by **Henry F.** Pringle: Harcourt, Brace. The first full and impartial biography of T. R.

The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind, by H. G. Wells: Doubleday, Doran. The third part of Mr. Wells's massive trilogy.

Bernard Shaw, by Frank Harris. Simon & Schuster: An unconventional "unauthorized" biography.

Free Wheeling, by Ogden Nash; Simon & Schuster. Amusing light verse.

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land Looks at America, The Rise of Sport, Intensive Invention, Mr. Gladstone Sees It Pass. It does rather more completely, and with less exaggeration, for England what *The Sins of New York* did for America.

More Precious Than Fine Gold
Washington Commonplace Book
Compiled by
George Ernest Merriam
Putnam, $5.00

More than 1500 quotations from various people, both contemporary and modern, aiming to give a complete picture of Washington. There are sixteen portraits.

The Flight of the Least Petrel
By Griffing Bancroft
Putnam, $4.50

From San Diego around the peninsula of lower California to La Bomba, at the head of the Gulf of California, in a fifty-foot boat. The author, a son of H. H. Bancroft the historian, writes entertainingly and informingly of a little known part of Mexico.

The Fatal Five Minutes
By R. A. J. Walling
Morrow, $2.00

A good style and competent character drawing never hurt a detective story yet. They haven't hurt this excellent thriller, which deals with who beaned the wealthy Mr. Burnet in his study just before dinner. A house full of guests, a rather queer butler and possible tender passages between Mrs. B. and Cossor, eminent K. C., give Detective Tolefree furiously to think, and the subsequent disappearance of various clues perplex him, but you will be pleased with his solution. And surprised, too. If you guess it, you're good.

The Dr. Thorndyke Omnibus
By R. Austin Freeman
Dodd Mead, $3.00

Indispensable to even the occasional reader of detective fiction is this collection of 38 of the cases of that expert in medical jurisprudence, Dr. Thorndyke. Included are the short stories published in *The Singing Bone*, *Dr. Thorndyke's Cases*, *The Magic Casket*, *The Puzzle Lock* and *The Blue Scarab*—some 1300 pages. Dr. Thorndyke is undoubtedly the greatest of all the fiction detectives. The knowledge with which he unravels his cases is encyclopedic, but it is real knowledge. Mr. Freeman does not rely on coincidence or psychic hunches, nor does he use mysterious death rays, hitherto undiscovered poisons and fake science. His stories are written for civilized people.

Murder in the Squire's Pew
By J. S. Fletcher
Knopf, $2.00

Who took Canon Effingham's keys from his dressing table the night the Linwood parish church treasures were stolen from the safe in the vestry? And who slew Skate and left him in the squire's

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pew? These questions Detective Ronald Camberwell and his partner answer for you in a competently written, if not over exciting thriller. Good characterization and a pleasant style, however, more than make up for the lack of violence, and there is plenty to speculate on when you learn of Mrs. Effingham's mysterious trips to London and her meetings with the doubtful clergyman, Stecke.

A Clue from the Stars
By Eden Phillpotts
Macmillan, $2.00

There is good characterization, too, in this tale of the disappearance of Sir Julian Marchant, whom bloodhounds traced to the middle of a field from which he seemed to have taken wings. But the movement of the story is so slow as to dishearten even the most confirmed detectomaniacs, for even the characters as they develop furnish few clues. Inspector Warner, however, sticks to it through 350 pages and finally gets a confession.

Top Story Murder
By Anthony Berkeley
Crime Club, $2.00

Rather weak, this story of the search for whoever it was that strangled Miss Barnet with a rosary and took her cash. Roger Sheringham, disagreeing with Scotland Yard's theory of the crime, works out the right theory but lands the wrong criminal. We have read worse, however.

The Party at the Penthouse
By Arthur M. Chase
Dodd Mead, $2.00

A badly written tale, which, however, keeps your interest, and we don't know why, for every idea and situation in it is threadbare from use. Thirteen people gather on Friday the 13th in a penthouse apartment. Seance, lights out, suspense, scream, lights up, host dead with dagger protruding from bosom. And they can't get out because the big door has blown shut and they can't find the key. So they set to work to discover which of them is a murderer.

A Strong Man Needed
By Maurice Richardson
Liveright, $2.00

"A new humorist has arrived in our midst," says the blurb of this book. And then, not content to leave well enough alone, adds that he "is not quite Wodehouse, not quite Leacock, not quite Donald Ogden Stewart." Which is perfectly true. Sometimes he's not quite very funny. Just kinda funny, sometimes, this story of the nine-foot girl who is brought back from Australia by the young son of the impoverished house of Cadwallow. They put her in the prize ring, where she beats all comers and restores the fortunes of the house, whose five-foot youngest son she marries.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

From the Life

Joker

THERE never was a man like him. The whole town was agreed on it. "He's the funniest man," the girls assured each other earnestly. "Don't you think he's funny? I just sit around waiting to see what he's going to do next."

"Yessir," declared the men solemnly, "he's a card, all right. You never can tell about him, neither."

That was the trouble. And if eyes lifted a little too quickly when he entered a room, and if laughter rang a little overloud and false on the heels of his jokes, it was because you never could tell, next time, where the laugh was going to be.

Maybe, the town would tell you, he'd say not to sit in that chair, it was loaded. And if you did, laughing at him, he'd fire the gat in his pocket so's you'd about hit the ceiling. And if you didn't sit in that chair, well, the horse laugh would be on you any way. Harmless enough!

But maybe it would be a mean one like the telegram he sent the widow, letting on he was her husband that was lost in the flood, coming home alive and hearty. And didn't she dry her eyes and break off with that young fellow from California and after she had a spread all baked and the whole party down to the railroad station to meet him—if the only fellow got off the train wasn't this joker!

He had the whole town laughing that time—only the young fellow from California. And he went back to California, so he was all right. But it seems the widow never had another suitor—everybody heard the story soon or late—and it left her mortified like.

And there was the time he rode off on his brother's two-year-old, nobody seeing him, and telephoned making out he was the sheriff saying as the horse thief was seen heading north on the Old Mountain road, and to meet him at the crossroads. So by the time they reached the crossroads there was quite a crowd had joined up on the chase, only no sheriff. And if they didn't see a speck of dust riding 'em down and it was that joker—buggy riding with his brother's wife behind his brother's horse. Seems like he knew she'd gone to town, so that's how he fixed it up to get a laugh. . . . . Just the same, his brother never knew but what his wife was in on it, and it gave him a kind of soreness.

No trouble he wouldn't go to if he could get a laugh. Always on somebody else, though—nobody ever had the laugh on him. They wouldn't dast, on account of him knowing so well how to mess things up for everybody. Seems he knew what was everybody's pet corn and could get 'em all upset without their ever guessing who was tramping on it—then he turned up regular as the villain or maybe it was hero, and everybody too uneasy not to laugh at him.

Only person never was upset was his wife. Somehow he never knew enough to take her in. And it riled him. He never let on it riled him; he just told her to wait, just to wait and he'd get her good some time. But she'd only look at him smiling and peaceful and say, Oh no. She guessed she was on to him.

So maybe it set him sort of crazy. He thought a lot of her but it set him crazy just the same. Everybody in the town afraid not to laugh on account of his jokes—only his wife, never laughing at him and not nervous either. Wise to him.

SO WHEN he told somebody he was going to do it they told him he was crazy. Did he laugh? Well, he said it would be the biggest one yet, and he could scarcely tell of it for laughing. So he told this fellow how he had it all planned out—the length of the rope and the beam he was going to use and the spot in the cellar where the light would hit him most gruesome. Just how he'd have to do it realistic with his feet off the floor—but so's he could reach it tiptoe just the same. And boy, he said, she'd holler and have the town in. Or maybe faint. Either way, he figured, it would get her and he would show her he was as good as his word. Seemed to strike him awful funny.

Anyhow, he must have thought he'd put it over finally. And then she came down cellar and found him—hanging right in front of her—and she was on to him just the same as usual. She even said, afterwards, how terrible she felt seeing he hadn't fooled her and how the laugh was going to be on him.

Then there was something—dunno what, something helpless, maybe—struck her heart. And she went closer.

Well, maybe she screamed and maybe she fainted (the town will tell you), but who's to know? All anybody was ever to find out was how he'd miscalculated. Not by much. Hardly quarter of an inch. He hadn't managed to hold to the floor even by tiptoe short of quarter of an inch. And it had squeezed his breath and finished him without a chance to find out if he'd got her.

Funny, wasn't it? IBBY HALL.

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The Latest Plays

(Continued from Page 54)

other people in it I'd like to mention for their skilfully comic impersonations if space allowed. I intend to convey the impression that *Of Thee I Sing* is worth even what the speculators are charging for it in these days of Republican prosperity.

Unfortunately, the other theatrical offerings of Christmas week were considerably less exhilarating. In fact, the only one of the lot of much discernible merit is a revival of Noel Coward's six- or seven-year-old comedy, *Hay Fever*. This time Constance Collier plays the rôle of the ex-actress surrounded by her egoistic family and if witty talk with practically no action is sufficient for you, you will conceivably be pleasantly enough amused if you drop in on Miss Collier and her rather more than merely competent supporting cast.

Savage Rhythm never really gets a grip on the audience and, as a deal of sincerity is apparent in the writing, acting and staging, it's a pity. Played by a good all-Negro cast, it has all the elements of excellent drama and obstinately refuses to become such. The authors, Harry Hamilton and Norman Foster, tell us in a program note that among the Mississippi Negroes certain magic rites, which are not voodooistic, persist and are believed to be a part of the Christian religion. Superstitions are accepted as dogma and self-hypnosis is believed to be a manifestation of God's grace. The dramatic conflict in the play is caused by the daughter of a conjuring family who returns from New York without her faith, but who has it restored when her sister is murdered and she herself, under the influence of the crowd and throbbing drums, believes that she is hearing her dead sister's voice telling her who is to blame for the crime. The trouble with *Savage Rhythm* is that while all concerned are, as I have said, sincere, they are all attacking its problems from the outside as laboratory specimens—never with any conviction that there even *might* be something in what the people in Mississippi are supposed to believe.

Federal agents wrecked his speakeasy last week and critical opinion was so hard on his play, *Papavert*, that it was closed after two performances. However, the dauntless Joe Zelli announces that the play he sponsored will reopen on January 11 after revision. From what I saw of it the opening night it needs plenty, but such fortitude should be rewarded. The trouble is that fortitude has nothing to do with being able to tell a bad play when you see one.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Music

Notable New Recordings

"CAVALCADE" is what Noel Coward calls the pageant of English history from 1900 to 1930 which is currently occupying the Drury Lane Theatre in London. The importers have available a twelve-inch disk of music from it with a prologue and an epilogue spoken by Mr. Coward himself.[1] The tunes are none of them new, but are those which are inextricably entwined in the memories of the British of the period and "to which every Englishman must thrill with pride"—to quote Mr. Coward. They are played with spirit by the New Mayfair Orchestra, but what puzzles me is why Englishmen should thrill with pride to *Alexander's Ragtime Band* or *Everybody's Doing It*.

From England, too, comes the first recording to reach this country of Greta Keller singing in English. With quite the facility she has in German, the deep but soft-toned singer gives us *Kiss Me Good Night* and *Looking for You*[2]—the former being especially effective. Eventually the American radio and phonograph people will find out about Fraülein Keller. It's some trouble to get her disks, but worth it.

In the field of native hot Negro dance music we have an astonishing *Concentratin' on You* and *Last Dollar* from Blanche Calloway and her Joy Boys[3] and a no less amazing *I Got Rhythm* backed by *Chinatown, My Chinatown* from Louis Armstrong.[4] The exact relation between what Maestro Armstrong plays and the original compositions by those names is a bit obscure at times, but any one must admit that they are danceable if you feel that energetic.

The Mills Brothers' vocalizations—for that is what we are assured they are—probably really should be considered as dance music, too. This time they make those extraordinary noises nominally doing *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home* and *You Rascal, You*[5] and I still want to *see* how they produce their sounds.

O. C.-T.

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Prose and Worse

Hooker in Heaven

"I AM probably the only person," said Captain Hooker, "who has been to heaven and come back to tell the tale. I should like to tell you how it was. When I was left for dead on the field of Gettysburg—"

"I didn't know about that," we interrupted.

"You do now," he said sharply. "I was rescued, of course. But for a fortnight I lay in a coma, and during that time my soul had left this earth. I ain't so sure I'm glad it was brought back into my body. However, here's how it was. I didn't realize at first that I was on the other side. Things seemed just about the same. I found myself crossing a long bridge leading into a big city. There were wagons on the bridge, and people walking. I had only just begun to wonder how I'd got there when I reached the end of the bridge, and a big man with a white beard, dressed in a neat white duck uniform, came forward and held out his hand. He might have been a sea captain. He said: 'Good eternity, captain. Glad to see you.' I shook hands. 'What's that you said—good eternity?' I asked. 'We don't say "good day" here,' he replied. 'This is heaven. We didn't expect you so soon,' he went on while I was swallowing my surprise, 'but it doesn't matter. We can fix you up.' 'Who are you?' I asked. 'St. Peter,' he said. 'This really is heaven, you know. It's always something of a shock, but don't be alarmed—' 'Sir,' I said, 'I was never alarmed in my life.' 'Good,' he said, taking me by the arm. 'Come along, and I'll show you the mansion we've got picked out for you on Pearly Gates Boulevard.'

"On the way through the busy streets he explained to me just how things were run. It wasn't exactly what I had expected. Each arrival gets a house, all free and clear, and enough money to keep going on nicely for a year. He can do what he likes—loaf around or take up a profession he knows or go into business. He has to make his own way, just as he does on earth. Everything was just the same as on earth, in fact, St. Peter explained, but two things, and they were very important. First, there was eternity instead of time, which, he said, had very little practical bearing. Second, success or failure on earth, fame or fortune, were of no use. You had to make your own way from the beginning. Of course, everything you had learned on earth was valuable to you, but all you had won by luck, by being the right man in the right place at the right time, was wiped out. You kept your name, but it meant nothing. Knowledge and wisdom were all that counted.

"It took me a little time to grasp this. It was the names over the shop doors that enlightened me. Many of them meant nothing, but there were a few that caught my eye. Mary Stuart, Chapeaux. Borgia & Son, Pharmacists. The Eternal Bloom Beauty Shop, Mme. Cleopatra, Prop. O. Bismarck, Plumbing and Steamfitting.

"St. Peter told me that as a rule those who had done well in one particular line on earth had continued in it here. But there were curious divergences. Some had struck out and done well in something entirely different, others had been complete failures. The Commander-in-Chief of the army was a totally unknown man who on earth had been a cigar salesman, but Hannibal, Genghis Khan and Ney held high commissions under him. Napoleon, on the other hand, had gone into the law and was a member of the firm of Elliot, Jefferson, Goldstein & Bonaparte. And he gave many more instances. Nero was a movie director, King David directed the dance orchestra in the Celestial Palace Hotel and had won quite a reputation as a crooner, Casanova was in vaudeville, Henry VIII was doorman in an apartment house. He had written a book called Ex-King, but it hadn't gone very well.

"As I had been listening to him a plan formed in my mind. The position I had won for myself on earth was gone, but I still had the brains with which that position had been built. I had no doubt of being able to win a place—and a high one—for myself here. But my genius is essentially military, and it is difficult in times of peace for even the most brilliant military man to reach the top quickly. It might take a year or two before I was Commander-in-Chief of the army. There was only one way of reaching the top quickly—a revolution. Here were all these kings and princes and fighting men working as clerks or what not. There must be a great deal of dissatisfaction under such conditions. I won't bore you with the details. I called on Napoleon. I went to see Henry VIII. From them I got other names. I found Cortez running an elevator, Caesar teaching Latin in a girls' school, Attila an ambulance driver, Wallenstein behind the ribbon counter of a department store.

"In a week I had my army—five thousand of the greatest fighting men of history, not one under the rank of general, and for the rank and file, the trusted officers of each. A hundred thousand in all. Think of it! With such an army a man could conquer the world. But I had to conquer heaven. And with heaven's army on a peacetime basis of 500,000 men, that was not so difficult as it sounds. For I had men in every branch of the government, in every city office, in every factory; heaven was honeycombed with my spies. On the thirteenth day of my stay my plans were complete. That night we rose. We seized the city hall, the mint, the banks, the water works, the power plants, the armories. Without a blow struck heaven was ours. And I was waiting in the Mayor's office, surrounded by my aides—Caesar, Bayard, Alexander, Napoleon—to receive the submission of the Mayor of Heaven and the Commander-in-Chief of the Heavenly Host, when suddenly everything went dark—and I woke in my bed in the hospital. In the moment of my triumph I had been brought back to life."

THE Captain was silent for a moment, but we did not speak, and presently he went on. "It may have been a deliberate trick on St. Peter's part to save the established order. That, I think, is not important. What is important, what worries me a good deal whenever I think of it, is this. Some day I shall cross that bridge again. Some day I shall again be deprived of the worldly honors which the nations of the earth have heaped upon me. I shall again have to make my way unaided to the peaks of fame. But next time they will be ready for me. I have been deprived of the fruits of my genius. That bold stroke will not succeed a second time."

"It is an interesting story," we said. "But one thing puzzles me. You speak of Bismarck being in heaven. You also mention power plants. But I do not think that at the time of the Battle of Gettysburg—"

The Captain jumped to his feet. "Sir," he roared. "Do you doubt my word?"

We cowered slightly. "No, no," we assured him. "And doubtless as you were in eternity, rather than in time—"

"Exactly," he said. "You have hit it."

"And," we went on, "as for your next

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visit to heaven—and may it be long hence—knowing you as I do I can see no cause for worry. It was truly a bold, a masterly stroke. But such genius as yours would find no need to repeat itself. You will think of something else, something as brilliant, perhaps even more so. Trust to your own powers."

His face cleared. "That is true," he said. "Ha, of course. Masterly, I think you said? And perhaps I am a little depressed today. After all, life . . . . When a man has conquered heaven, what does he care for heaping up further glory on earth?"

"There is always Russia," we put in, remembering how freely he had talked to us the day before of his plans regarding that country—plans which we are not as yet at liberty to reveal.

At the word he brightened. "Russia!" he said. "Yes, I was forgetting. I have so many things on my mind." And presently, his old self once more, he left us, after receiving our assurances that we would at once write down the story he had just told.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Two-Bit Wheat and Two-Dollar Taxes

(Continued from Page 50)

he didn't summon the legislature in special session it would meet anyhow, and added the cheering thought that maybe one of the first pieces of important business it would have to transact would be to vote on the impeachment of the governor of Kansas. Thereafter the members of the mass meeting went home.

Early in December the Kansas taxpayers held another mass meeting in Topeka to implore the governor once more to call a special session which might defer collection of the taxes due in December and prevent sale of many fertile Kansas farms for unpaid taxes. Governor Woodring stood pat. There would be no special session of the legislature, he declared, and none was called. The due date for taxes came. Some of them were paid and a great many were not. Meanwhile Woodring's critics went to the state auditor, Will J. French, to see what headway the governor had made in his promise to save the taxpayers $1,000,000 a year by economies in administration. Mr. French's figures indicated that the governor had found the thrift road a rocky one. In three months he had succeeded in saving an average of something less than $10,000 a month. At that rate, he is due to save the taxpayers somewhere between $100,000 and $120,000 in a year instead of the promised $1,000,000.

The year's balance-sheet one of these farmers recently sent to the Topeka *State Journal* on the farm he rents to a tenant is perhaps as poignant a commentary as can be found on the plight of the farmer-taxpayer in Kansas. Here it is:

INCOME	
Owner's share of crops—336 bushels of corn	$151.14
Rent from pasture	60.00
Rent from house	76.00
Total income	$287.14
OUTLAY	
Repairs on house	$25.94
Hauling corn to market	16.80
Taxes	161.86
Interest on mortgage	232.93
Total outlay	$437.53

The farm owner is $150.39 worse off for the year than he would have been if he hadn't owned the place.

The Rising Cost of Medical Care

(Continued from Page 48)

the death rate from tuberculosis it would save the country a great deal of money now being spent for relief."

The head of a social agency in a middle Western city gave me a story of a family under their care. The husband and father, a skilled mechanic, had died suddenly, leaving a large family. The family society had expended large amounts in relief. A day nursery association had provided day nursery care so that the mother might work. During summer the children had vacations at a summer camp. After an illness the mother was sent to a convalescent home. The children several times had been cared for in foster homes at the expense of the children's agency. Finally, the mother and the family were provided with a mother's pension by a public agency. The total amount expended on this family by public and private agencies ran into a large sum. All this directly could be traceable to the costs of illness.

The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care is to use the tools of research and investigation to examine into all phases of the question of medical costs and medical care. The approach is a purely scientific one, with no preconceived notions in advance of investigation as to the problem or its solution. The principal objectives of the committee are:

1. How can the medical facilities of the country be so distributed as to bring adequate medical care within the reach of all population groups?

2. How can well-trained physicians be assured of a reasonable amount of work and of the necessary scientific equipment?

3. How can waste of time and

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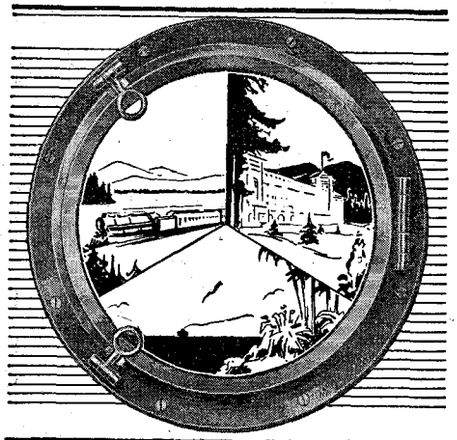

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money in visiting several unassociated practitioners for a single ailment be reduced and the patient be assured of competent service?

4. How can people be educated to avoid the waste of money on inferior types of treatment and useless and harmful medicine, and to seek modern scientific care?

We shall all be interested to learn of the validity of many panaceas and schemes which have been suggested: Group practice of medicine; the municipal doctor system, as in successful use in Saskatchewan, Canada; medical service offered employes free of charge by certain large industrial corporations; the application of the insurance principle of the payment of medical bills; state medicine as practiced in England and on the continent.

Particularly in times of depression do answers to all these questions assume new importance.

The Dark Horse of Democracy

(Continued from Page 51)

talking to Democrats. I am talking to lovers of mankind. . . . I have memories. . . . The acceptance of a strange and perverse fate called upon me, who loved the life of the youth, called upon me to come to your houses and ask you to give me your sons that I might send them into . . . . deadly places. And I watched them and shivered and shrank with fearful fear . . . . and I swore an obligation to the dead that . . . . I intended to lift up my voice always and ever until their sacrifices were really perfected. I have one other debt. . . . I served Woodrow Wilson for five years. He is standing at the throne of a God whose approval he won. As he looks down I say to him, 'I did my best. I am doing it now. You are still the captain of my soul. I feel your spirit here palpably about me. . . .'"

THE convention voted down his plank and Baker's name was hardly mentioned again until, in 1928, he campaigned for Alfred E. Smith. Meanwhile it became constantly more evident that the Treaty of Versailles would require revision. Germany sank to the point of complete collapse and was saved momentarily by the Dawes plan and then the Young plan. Russia continued to weather, after a fashion, the storms of a new political and economic order. The attempts to limit armament and the other endeavors toward international peace—through conferences at Washington, Locarno and London—were merely palliatives. Hoover was elected. The stock market crashed and the era of prosperity vanished. Occasionally, as at Williamstown last summer, Baker's voice would be heard; a voice which called for participation by America in world affairs. Again, though, he spoke as a student and not a crusader.

Election day, 1930, marked the first emphatic swing of public opinion toward the Democratic party. Its gains were large. Before the 72nd Congress had convened, a year later, the House was Democratic and the Senate nearly so. Governor Roosevelt of New York, although not admittedly a candidate, was far in the lead for the Democratic nomination. But while his friends gathered in the delegates, a persistent public voice demanded consideration for Newton Baker.

It is fair to say, I think, that Baker is fully aware of the efforts being made in his behalf and is, from day to day, kept informed regarding developments. It is even possible that men of substantial means have agreed to supply funds in the event that an open campaign is made. The rumor so widely current that he has started to publicize himself by hiring the eminent Ivy Lee, press agent for John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and numerous large corporations, is, however, both absurd and without foundation in fact. I have seen a letter written by Mr. Baker in which he emphatically denies it. The report apparently grew out of the fact that Lee has long been employed by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and was active during 1930 when Baker was counsel for the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company. The two companies were associated in litigation. Baker has not even seen Lee since that time; they have never conferred on political matters.

The comparative silence of the past twelve years, combined with the fact that he is not openly a candidate, has served to obscure certain of the views of Newton D. Baker. In so far as they relate to the current political scene he is definite on nearly every major subject except the power issue. We have already indicated his belief in the necessity for greater coöperation in European affairs. In the letter in which he expressed this thought, written last September, Baker also urged gradual reduction of the tariff and extension of the Federal Reserve System to cover all banks. The existence of state banks, subject to un-

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certain regulation, constituted a grave menace to the welfare of the country, he said.

On prohibition Baker's record has been consistent. As far back as October, 1917, he thought that morality laws were ineffective. Some courts, he said, "held that they were unconstitutional and some held that they were constitutional, but no court had any right to pass on the real fact involved, which was that they were ineffective." Baker enthusiastically supported Smith in 1928 and wrote at that time a letter which has not heretofore been published. It was in answer to a query from the Rev. Stanley H. Mullen of the Epworth-Euclid Methodist Church of Cleveland —how could Mr. Baker throw his "influence back of candidates who favor the return of liquor when you know the moral consequences thereof?" Mr. Baker replied, on October 6, 1928:

> I am not, and have never been, a prohibitionist. I thought the Eighteenth Amendment wrong at the time it was passed and still think it wrong. In the first place, I do not believe the Constitution of the United States is the place to legislate. That document ought to declare great principles and donate power to Congress, as the legislative branch, leaving the power flexible so that legislation under it could be progressively responsive to an enlightening public opinion. In the second place, the studies of a lifetime have convinced me that major ethical gains of life are from self-discipline and I, therefore, have been deeply grieved to see the habit of temperance, which was growing among us in response to our increased intellectual and moral growth, cast to the winds in an attempt to secure by arbitrary prohibition what at best is reluctant and resentful obedience to a law.
>
> Governor Smith's position, as he stated it with candor, is that he does not believe that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, as they are now, can be enforced. Many very excellent and temperate people not only agree with this but grieve at the consequences of present enforcement efforts. Should Governor Smith be elected President and cause a candid reëxamination of our present liquor situation, my hope is that a more rational approach to this great problem can be devised. Whether or not it would take the exact form which Governor Smith professes as his judgment about it, I do not know, but certainly something must be done to relieve us of the present tragic condition in which the most self-respecting, educated and cultured part of our community is in open rebellion against a law of the United States and is lending its countenance by trafficking with bootleggers to the building up of a new class of criminals and to a growing anarchy of disregard of and disrespect for all law.

Nor was Mr. Baker alarmed by the alliance between Governor Smith and Tammany Hall, to which the clergyman had also referred. He was "wholly unimpressed" by the argument that the corruption of Tammany was an argument against the Democratic candidate. Baker pointed to the part played by Boss Vare of Pennsylvania in the nomination of Hoover at Kansas City. Vare, he said, "is the head of the most successfully corrupt political machine in America, built up by a succession of bosses beginning with Simon Cameron and running in succession through Don Cameron, Matthew Quay, Boies Penrose and finally Vare. . . .

"I can say these things, not harshly, but in the hope that I can bring to a candid mind like yours some sense of the amazement I feel that any partisan of Mr. Hoover's should think it possible to refer to Tammany as a limitation upon Governor Smith's eligibility," Mr. Baker added, "particularly when it is further recalled that during Governor Smith's four terms as the chief executive of the great Empire State of this nation no breath of argument against his personal integrity or the stern uprightness with which he has required his administration to govern and care for the financial interests of the State of New York."

So much for prohibition and Tammany, although Mr. Baker might today be less certain regarding the influence of the New York Democratic organization; Smith's power has waned. There are other issues on which Mr. Baker will be required to speak in the event that the movement for his nomination continues to gather force as the Democratic convention approaches. He was squarely behind Mayor Johnson of Cleveland in the fight for municipal ownership of the city traction lines and in the letter to the Rev. Dr. Mullen, just quoted, he praised the "great humanitarian conscience" of Governor Smith. Probably "no man within our lifetime has . . . . more genuinely sympathized with the lot of the common man in our great Republic," Baker wrote. All this does not specifically set forth, however, Baker's reaction to unemployment insurance or to the power issue. It may be necessary for him to formulate a definite program.

Meanwhile it must be noted that he is not a radical any more than Wilson was. It is quite possible, indeed, that he has swung, as men do with the years, toward a degree of conservatism. It does not help very much to have Mr. Baker exclaim, as he did in Winchester, Indiana, on December 29, that "the world needs . . . faith in the moral order of civilization, faith in the common people." Generalities will not put men back on the payroll. They will not solve the tangle of reparations and Allied debts. They will not even defeat the generalities which will be voiced by Senator Fess and President Hoover.

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All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

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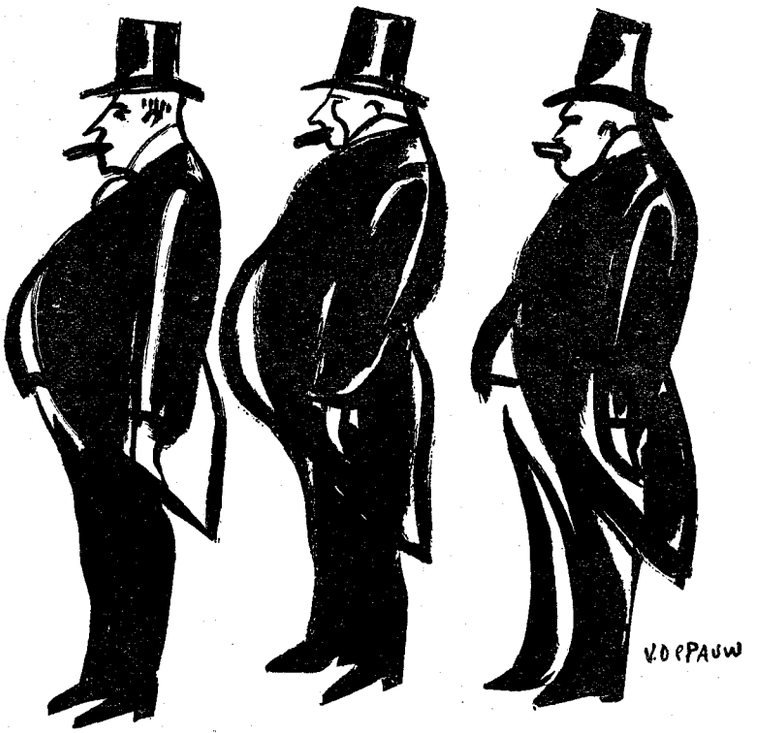

The Story of the Three Stuffed Shirts

• •

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This gentleman set about to discover the reason. He found it simple enough in its last analysis. You see, the banker thought it enough to know all about banks, the broker thought it enough to know all about stocks and bonds, while the big business man thought it enough to know all about big business. About what was happening outside their own particular fields they knew nothing. They were stodgy and uninformed about events and politics at home and abroad. Recent activities in the theatre, the movies, music, art or books were as nothing to them.

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